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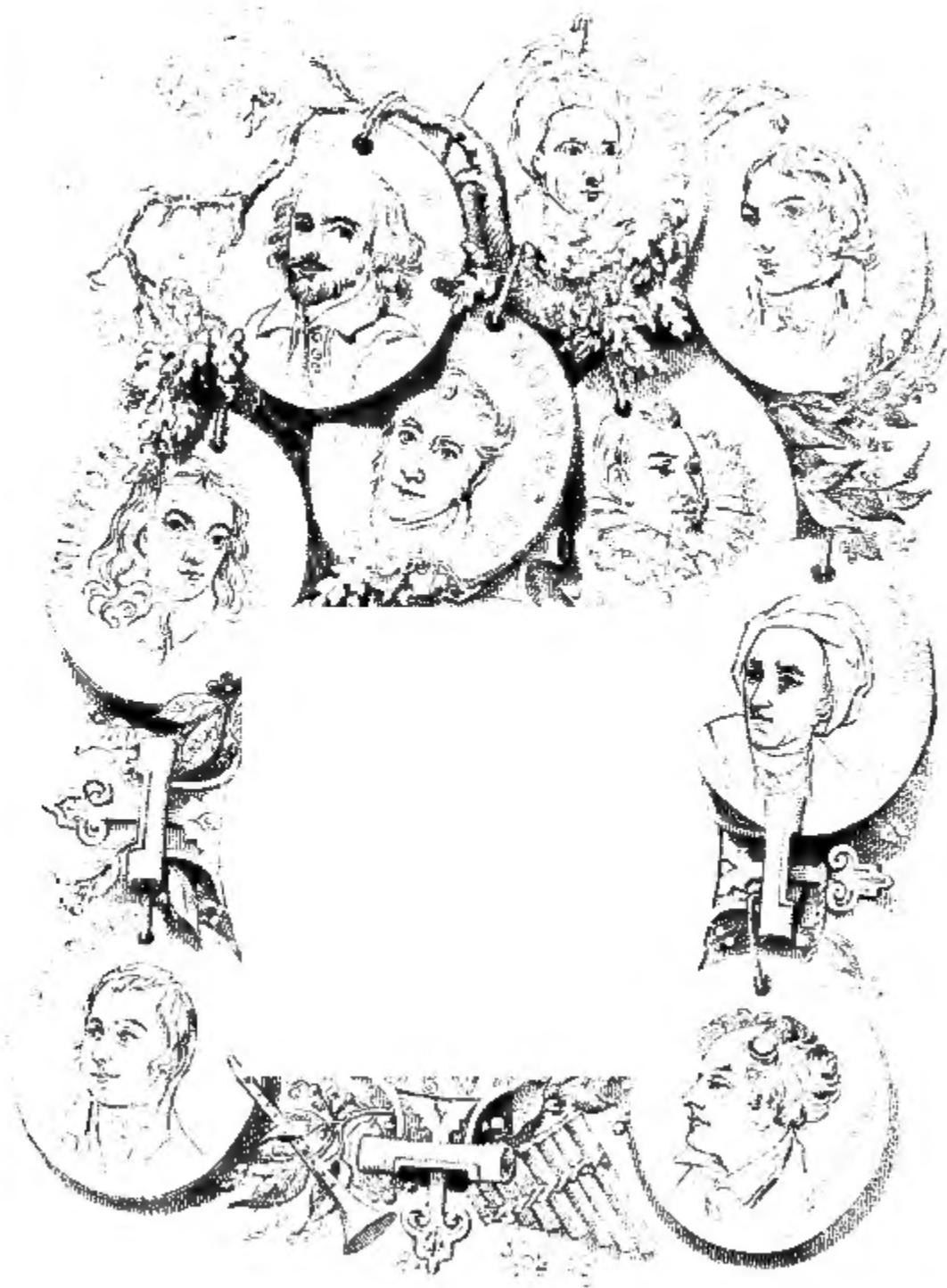
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Poets

OF

ENGLAND AND AMERICA :

BEING

Selections from the best Authors of both Countries,

DESIGNED AS

A COMPANION TO ALL LOVERS OF POETRY.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

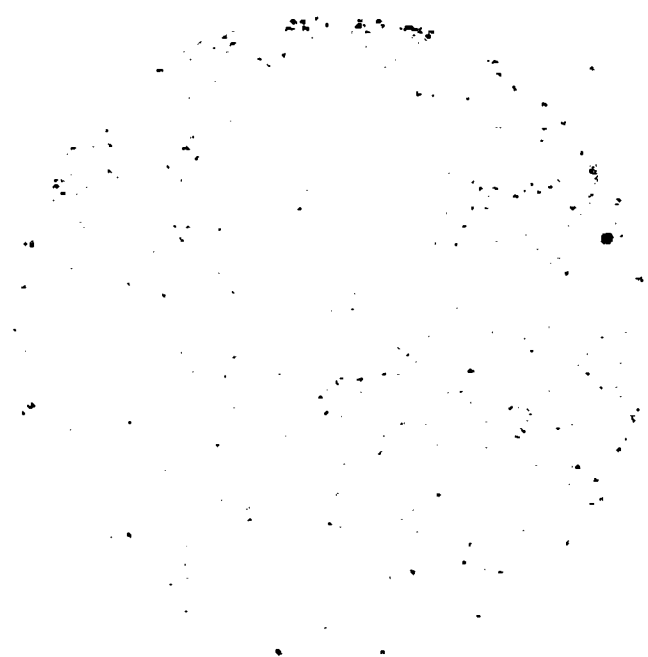
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WHO GAVE US NOBLER LOVES, AND NOBLER CARES,
THE POETS!" — *Wordsworth.*

LONDON:

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HAPPIEST AND BEST MINDS."

Shelley.

D. MARPLES, PRINTER, LIVERPOOL.

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Introductory Essay.

A NEW Volume of Selections from the Poets demands a few words of explanation from the Editor, as to the plan of the work.

The character of the old "Elegant Extracts," which have now fallen into oblivion, was greatly modified by the literary taste which prevailed at the time of their publication.

When Goldsmith in his Essays was writing criticisms depreciating Shakspeare, and Dr. Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," was declaring, that if he were asked to point out the finest passage in English poetry, he did not know what he could prefer to some lines from Congreve's "Mourning Bride," which can scarcely be said to be poetry at all, it was no wonder that the compilers of Poetry Books should conform to the taste of the age, and mix with much sterling matter, a far larger quantity of worthless rhyme.

Although many volumes of selections have lately been published, the Editor believes that the present work is not identical in its character with any of them; and he ventures to hope that it may be welcomed as an addition to the Books of the same description which have already appeared, and not be looked upon as a rival to any one of them.

Whatever defects may be found in the Volume must be attributed entirely to the taste of the Editor;—he had in the course of his reading marked a considerable number of Poems as the basis of a book, and this is, therefore, not a selection from other selections.

but is derived from the perusal of the authors themselves from whom the extracts are drawn.

The space at the Editor's disposal has compelled him to exclude Dramatic Poetry; but many of the Sonnets and Lyrical Poems of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other great Dramatists, will be found in these pages.

With the exception of two or three of the old Ballads, the selection has been confined to the Poets from Spenser to the present time.

The Editor hopes that the character of the book may make it a welcome companion to readers of all ages and of all temperaments. Of all kinds of composition, Poetry is that which gives to the lovers of it the greatest and most enduring pleasure, and almost every one of them can heartily respond to the beautiful words of one who was not only a great Poet, but a profound philosopher, Coleridge—who, speaking of the delight which he had experienced in writing his Poems, says—"Poetry has been to me its own 'exceeding great reward.' It has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and the Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." *

The essential requisites of good Poetry are Simplicity and Truth. By Simplicity is not to be understood nakedness, but that direct mode of appealing to the sympathies or affections, which is an invariable characteristic of the greatest writers.

This directness does not exclude the exercise of fancy and imagination, but, in fact, increases their effect on the mind. Percy, in his "Reliques," mentions a fragment of an old Ballad, where the description is the reverse of prosaic, although it is as concise as prose.

* Preface to Poems, page xix., Moxon's Edition.

The passage runs thus (speaking of an old man) :—

“Down his neck his reverend lockes
In comelye curls did wave ;
And on his aged temples grew
The blossoms of the grave.” *

Another instance of condensation and, at the same time, full description in Poetry, occurs in *Paradise Lost*, Book 5, line 479 :—

————— “So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More airy, last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes.”

In this exquisite passage the whole plant is presented to the eye as vividly as in a picture.

The second requisite, Truth, is even more indispensable,—without it no kind of writing is valuable, and the higher the nature of the composition the more lifeless and worthless will it appear in the absence of this quality. It is owing to their fidelity to nature that the great Poets have taken such strong hold on our minds ; and to this characteristic is to be attributed the affection with which they have been regarded by all lovers of Poetry, and the delight with which their names are repeated even by those who are not familiar with their works.

The following passage by Coleridge, describing a scene which almost every reader has witnessed, may serve as an instance of this strict adherence to Nature and Truth, without any neglect of the beauties of poetic diction ;

“The mother with anticipated glee
Smiles o’er the child, that, standing by her chair

* *Percy’s Reliques*, Vol. 2, p. 155. Ed. 1765.

And flattening its round cheek upon her knee,
Looks up, and doth its rosy lip prepare
To mock the coming sounds. At that sweet sight
She hears her own voice with a new delight;
And if the babe perchance should lisp the notes aright,
Then is she tenfold gladder than before." *

As human nature is the same in all ages, the descriptions of the great writers touch *us* as nearly as they touched their first readers; —Homer and the Greek Dramatists still exercise an irresistible control over the minds of men; and our own great Poets were perhaps never so thoroughly appreciated as they are now; though we may reasonably look forward to a time when (from the general spread of education, and the consequent increase of intellectual refinement) the number of their readers and admirers shall be many-fold greater than at present.

Henry IVth of France is said to have expressed a wish that every peasant in his kingdom could have a fowl on his table. *We* may reasonably anticipate a time when every man shall receive an education which shall give him the power of reading the works of our great authors. As the necessary business of life demands some relaxation, it is surely better that the sweet society of books and music should be chosen, than those coarser pleasures to which uncultivated minds resort in the absence of refined enjoyments. Dr. Johnson wisely observes, "Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." † Let us hope that what has already been effected in this

* "The Blossoming of the Solitary Date Tree."

† Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland.

direction may be taken as a small earnest of what may be looked for in the future; when—as Tennyson beautifully says—

— “wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
But smit with frëer light shall slowly melt
In many streams to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker man
Through all the season of the golden year.” *

In most cases the Imagination must be cultivated, as a preliminary to the enjoyment of the highest kind of Poetry. Nothing can be more striking than the indifference of country-people to the beauties of nature. The charms of rural scenery seem to exercise no influence over them, and the delight which is felt by cultivated minds in the grandeur of mountain scenery, and the soft beauty of valleys and lakes, is a matter of astonishment with some of those who dwell among them.

In no way can the Imagination be more effectually or safely exercised, than by the constant perusal and study of our best Poets. Poetry appeals to the universal sympathies of mankind. With the contemplative writers, we can indulge our pensive and thoughtful tastes. With the describers of natural scenery, we can delight in the beauties and glories of the external universe. With the great Dramatists, we are able to study all phases of the human mind, and to take their fictitious personages as models or beacons for ourselves.

With the great creative Poets, we can go outside of all these, and find ourselves in a region of pure imagination which may be as true to our higher instincts, (perhaps more so) than the shows which surround us.

The Shield of Achilles, in Homer, (*Iliad*, B. 18), faintly shadows out the universality of Poetry;—“in it,” says Homer, speaking through his old English translator, Chapman,—

* Poems, page 261, ed. 1851.

“ In it he presented Earth ; in it the Sea and Sky :
In it the never-wearied Sun ; the Moon — exactly round,
And all those stars with which the brows of ample heaven
are crowned.”

The Shield also contained representations of two cities, in one of which the inhabitants were celebrating nuptial feasts—the processions being ushered through the streets by torchlight, to the sound of music—in another compartment, a court of law was shown, in which some solemn cause was being tried. The people in the other city appeared engaged in warlike preparations.

There too were delineated, fields being ploughed, corn reaped, vintage time, pastoral pursuits, flocks of sheep, an assemblage of dancers “young and beauteous,” and (enclosing all) in the outer ring of the shield was represented the mighty Ocean, “rolling evermore.”

Of the Poets whose works have been made use of in this Book, perhaps SPENSER is the dearest to readers who seek for pure imagination. He was born in the year 1553, exactly three hundred years ago, and he is universally acknowledged to stand in the first rank of English Poets. Perhaps the best, because the most genial criticism upon him, is to be found in Leigh Hunt's “Imagination and Fancy;” a work which no lover of Poetry should be without. The specimens given of Spenser in the following pages will exhibit the profusion of his mind, and show how true a claim he establishes as a creator of beauty and delight. To use his own words, he makes

——— “a sunshine in the shady place,”

and a better refuge cannot be chosen from the storms and anxieties of life, than the scenes to which his genius introduces us. The influence of his Poetry is very discernible in Milton's Minor

Poems; and perhaps even Shakspeare's mind may have been tinged with hues reflected from his genius.

The name of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY has come down to us through the three centuries which separate his life from ours, with a lustre which is scarcely explained by any intimate knowledge of him on the part of general readers. He is perhaps remembered principally in connection with his noble conduct at the Battle of Zutphen, in preferring the necessities of a wounded soldier to his own.

On looking over the old folio which contains all that now remains of him, we find, amidst the conceits and puerilities which deface many productions of that age, some of the most poetical and beautiful images that were ever written.

Especially observable is the purity of his mind. Writing at a time when license was considered no deformity, there is nowhere to be found in his works anything which might not be put into the hands of the most innocent reader.

In this volume will be found some of his Sonnets. The commencement of one of them,—

“With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climbst the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!”

brings to mind Milton's lines in “Il Penseroso,”

————— “the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way.”

And Shelley's exquisite fragment,

THE WANING MOON.

“And like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,

Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
The moon arose up in the murky earth,
A white and shapeless mass."

SIDNEY's prose romance, "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia," so called on account of his sister, to whom it was dedicated, abounds with beautiful descriptions, and as it is now very little read, two or three of them are here given.

"Her breath is more sweet than a gentle south-west wind, *which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of summer.*"—ARCADIA, Book i.

This passage cannot fail to suggest to those familiar with Shakspeare the famous lines in "Twelfth Night:"

"If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

TWELFTH NIGHT, Act i., *Scene 1.*

Here is another passage, describing the country, (Arcadia,) which is very beautiful, although the balancing one part of the sentence against another gives it, to us, a quaint effect; but the picture with which it concludes is one that will never lose its charm.

"Here were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble vallies whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all

sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets which, being lined with most pleasant shade, are witnessed so too, by the cheerful disposition of many well tuned birds. . . . *here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old.*" — ARCADIA, Book i.

Here is also a description of a fountain, which is exquisitely beautiful:—

A FOUNTAIN.

"A naked Venus, of white marble, wherein the graver had used such cunning that the natural blue veins of the marble were framed in fit places to set forth the beautiful veins of her body. At her breast she had her babe Æneas, who seemed (having begun to suck) to leave that, to look upon her fair eyes, which smiled at the babe's folly." — ARCADIA, Book i.

Sidney's "Defence of Poesy" is a noble performance, (though not equal to Shelley's "Defence of Poetry,") but space forbids giving extracts from it here, except that well-known one, where, speaking of the old ballads, he says, "I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with the sound of a trumpet."

A lady once modernised the "Arcadia;" would that some one, competent to do so, would give us a volume of the essence of this pure and noble writer. Spenser, the friend of Sidney, in an Elegy on his death, beautifully describes his personal character and appearance, in a few words:

"To hear him speak, and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books;

I trow that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye."

The poem (page 412,) "To Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton," is a fine specimen of the manner of DANIEL.

There is a masculine energy about this, and his Epistle to the Ladie Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, which gives to Daniel a high place among the Poets, though he is deficient in imagination. The latter poem, which is said to have been a favourite with Wordsworth, commences thus —

"He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolvèd powers, nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same ;
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey !"

The almost inexhaustible wealth of English Poetry can hardly be better shown than by pointing out the great merit which exists in Poems almost entirely unknown to general readers.

The extract (page 108) called here "The Pleasures of Poetry," has always been a favourite with readers of taste. It is from the "Shepherds Hunting," a poem written by Wither, during an imprisonment in the Marshalsea for a series of satires previously published.

Perhaps one of the great charms of this extract consists in its being a piece of autobiography, though much is owing to the superiority shown to the circumstances in which the author was placed. His frame of mind seems to have resembled that of Richard Lovelace, who, also writing in a prison, says, in his poem to Althea, (page 72,)—

“ Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.”

This is one of the privileges of genius, that, out of circumstances intended to degrade, it can draw matter not only to console itself, but to furnish images of beauty and comfort to all succeeding generations.

Some of HERRICK'S lyrics here given are beautiful specimens of that kind of writing. It is deeply to be regretted that a poet possessing so much fancy and taste as he did, should have wilfully walked through mire, when the wings of his imagination would have sustained him in the clear atmosphere of Poetry. His poems, “ To Blossoms,” (page 228,) “ To Daffodils,” (page 73,) and “ Corinna's going a-Maying,” (page 423,) show what his powers were, and how true his relish was for the beauties of nature ; while, at the same time, he possessed a reflective turn of mind which should have preserved him from his errors. Let us, however, attribute these (as we fairly may) to the greater license allowed when he wrote, and be thankful for what he has given us of unobjectionable and beautiful poetry.

SHIRLEY is a writer of great impressiveness ; his “ Death's Final Conquest” can hardly be omitted from any volume of this description. It is like a piece of massive gold ; and the solemn march of the poem is sweetly relieved by the tender tones at the close,

“ Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.”

One of the most extraordinary instances of neglect experienced by any author happened to MILTON, in the case of his Minor

Poems. Thomas Warton, in his preface to an edition of them, published in 1785, containing a most delightful collection of Notes, says, "The poems which compose the present Volume were published almost thirty years before the appearance of the 'Paradise Lost.' During that interval they were so totally disregarded, at least by the general reader, as scarcely to have conferred on their author the reputation of a writer of verses, much less the distinction and character of a true Poet." He goes on to say, that it was late in the 18th century before they attained their just measure of esteem and popularity.

Yet perhaps no poems are read with greater delight, or sink more deeply into the memory. Numerous passages at once crowd into the mind, and the very names of Lycidas, Comus, and Arcades, rise

—— "like a steam of rich distilled perfumes."

The description of the flowers in Lycidas has been often compared with that of Shakspeare, in the "Winter's Tale." It is hard to say which is the more beautiful of the two.

The whole of Lycidas, L'Allegro, and Il Penseroso, with many extracts from Milton's other Minor Poems, and from Paradise Lost, will be found in this Volume.

The question whether POPE was a poet has often been mooted, but can never be decided until all readers shall possess a taste for the same character of Poetry; which is neither to be expected, nor desired. It is certain that he had neither the creative genius of Spenser, the dramatic powers of Shakspeare, nor the epic grandeur of Milton; but as we do not complain that the rose-tree is not an oak, or that the daisy is not a lily, so we ought not, by instituting comparisons between poets different in their kind, to seek to raise one at the expense of the other. We owe to Pope

“The Rape of the Lock,” in which, though there is no grandeur, there is exquisite fancy and wit; and he has also given us, next to Dryden, the best satirical poetry in the English language. His “Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot” contains a magnificent vindication of himself from the attacks of his enemies, and shows at once the power of his genius, and the kindness of his heart. His attachment to his friends, and the compliments he paid them in his writings, are well known, and it is pleasing to find such an enumeration of famous names as the following:—

“But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write.
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
E’en mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John’s self (great Dryden’s friend before)
With open arms received one poet more.”

No admirer of THOMSON’S poetry can help regretting that he should have written at a time when a conventional taste prevailed. With as fine an eye for the beauties of nature as a man ever had, the reader is continually annoyed with affected and pedantic phraseology; this is less discernible in the “Castle of Indolence” than in the “Seasons,” mainly perhaps because in the former he adopted the stanza and manner of Spenser, and so escaped from the vicious style of his own day.

In the following pages many extracts have been given from “The Seasons,” but they consist, for the most part, of descriptions of nature, and not, as has been the case in many former selections, of his episodes, which are very inferior to his delineations of scenery, and the vicissitudes of the seasons.

SHENSTONE'S "Schoolmistress" is a poem which has always had, and will probably continue to have, many admirers. We cannot help regretting that he did not write more in the same strain, instead of wasting his time in delineating Corydons and Phillidas. His prose Essays prove him to have been a man of sound sense, and they display an acuteness and judgment so great, that we cannot help wondering at the oblivion into which they have fallen. Here are two short sentences from them,—

"A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind."

"Some men are called sagacious, merely on account of their avarice; whereas a child can clench its fist the moment it is born."

GRAY'S "Elegy" seems to have a prescriptive right of admission into even the smallest collection of English Poems. Hazlitt's remark, that "the poet's verse slides into the current of our blood," describes, better than any other words can do, the influence which this charming poem exercises over us. As it delights us, and has delighted those who have gone before us, so may it continue to charm those who shall be reading it

—————"whene'er we lie
Trodden."

His "Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College," and his less known, but very charming, unfinished "Ode on the Pleasures arising from Vicissitude," are also given here. There is a passage in the last named poem, describing the feelings induced by a recovery from illness, which is almost as applicable to those who have been "long in populous cities pent," as to him who has just risen from a bed of sickness.

"The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,

The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise."

Gray's contemporary, COLLINS, was a more original writer, and his productions show so much genius, that we must mourn over the great loss the world sustained in his mental decay, and premature death. The bold personifications in "The Passions" make that Ode his most striking performance, yet there is a quiet beauty in his "Ode to Evening," which steals into the heart, and haunts the memory of its readers. The finish of this poem is exquisite, and the pictures contained in it have, in their way, never been surpassed.

One stanza in this Ode, given in the following pages, is not generally printed, and as it contains a picture of Evening, as true to nature as it is exquisitely expressed, the reader will be glad to see it here:

"Then lead, dear votress, where some sheeted lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect the last cool gleam."

Pictures like this, and others in this poem, are not derived from books, but arise from a close and patient study of nature herself.

COWPER, although he displays none of the highest characteristics of a poet, must always be a favourite with reflective and contemplative minds; there is a tone of tender and kind feeling in his works which will always have admirers, and the "Lines to Mary," and those "On the receipt of his Mother's Picture," will find an echo in the human breast as long as the affections of men remain what they have always been.

BURNS and MOORE have been compared together as Song writers,

and Professor Wilson awards the palm to the latter. Yet it must be maintained that the songs of Burns possess the highest grace and delicacy, and his serious poems—"A Bard's Epitaph," "To Mary in Heaven," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and his poems "To a Mouse," and "To a Mountain Daisy,"—touch a chord in our hearts, which ever after vibrates at their recollection. His verses cannot be read without transporting us to the clear mountain air, and we seem almost to inhale the fresh smell of the mould just turned up with his plough.

The great difficulty with regard to some poets is to know, where all is so beautiful, what to select. The writer has found this to be the case with SHELLEY, a poet whose fame must increase with the spread of the language in which he wrote; and whose works, for creative imagination, wonderful melody, and gorgeousness, astonish and delight their readers more and more as they become more familiar with them.

Although the extracts from this charming writer are copious, the song here given can hardly be omitted.

TO ——— .

"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken;
Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

This little poem, for condensation, melody, and beauty, is a perfect gem. The works of Shelley, however, are full of such, and Mrs. Shelley can hardly be charged with exaggeration in saying, that "every line and word he wrote is instinct with peculiar beauty."

Not only, however, is this writer remarkable for the riches of his imagination; there is also in him a continual aspiration for the advancement and happiness of his kind. His faith in the destination of humanity shines through all his poems, but in none is it more discernible than in the sublime Chorus from *Hellas*, given at page 192 of this volume. Coleridge has spoken of

“Ancestral voices prophesying war,”

but here is the voice of one, who has passed from among us, anticipating and predicting a reign of truth and love on earth.

In the reception of KEATS into the general regard of lovers of the highest kind of poetic composition, may be discerned the futility of adverse criticism.

No poet of the same merit was ever more violently and unjustly criticised, and it is mournful to reflect that the life of a genius so great should have been embittered, if not shortened, by the envenomed strictures of writers who were unable to appreciate him.

The “Ode to a Nightingale,” and lines “To Autumn,” both included in this volume, if he had written nothing else, would be sufficient to establish for him a high position among the English poets. The imagination and melody of “The Eve of St. Agnes” (the length of which has prevented its insertion in these pages) are truly wonderful, and no epic poetry has appeared since Milton, giving such large promise of the highest excellence as the fragment of *Hyperion*. When it is remembered that Keats died at the age of twenty-five, we can scarcely name any writer whose equal he might not have been, had his life been spared for a few years. Let those who are not already acquainted with his works, at once procure and study them, and, allowing for the faults of immaturity,

it may be confidently said that their delight will be proportioned to their ability to appreciate and enjoy the highest kind of poetry.

The specimens of WORDSWORTH given here are the poem commencing, "She was a phantom of delight," "Ruth," and "Hart-Leap Well." The first-named piece is one of the sweetest poems ever written. It is difficult to conceive how the development of a character could be more completely made out in so short a compass. "Ruth," and "Hart-Leap Well," also possess great beauty; the mixture of the familiar and the supernatural in the former poem is very striking, and the lesson of humanity taught in the latter is enhanced by the melody of the verse, and the vivid colouring of the description.

The riches of Wordsworth are unbounded, and there are hundreds of beauties in him only to be found by those whose minds are in a state to appreciate them. They do not obtrude themselves on the gaze, but may be compared, (to use their author's own words,) with

"A violet, by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

Considering the exquisite melody of the poetry of COLERIDGE, it is impossible to help regretting that he has given us so little of it. The feverish excitement occasioned by the intense interest of Byron's poems indisposed readers to the perusal of the quieter productions of other writers, and among these, Coleridge, except to a limited number of readers, was comparatively unknown.

The specimens here given are some of the poems which appeared to the writer the most perfect of Coleridge's shorter productions; "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and others, being

too long for insertion. The poem of "Love" (page 7), however frequently read, always exhibits new beauties, and there is such melody in this and other pieces, that they would be delightful for their sound, even if they did not possess the highest characteristics of poetry. Leigh Hunt says truly,—in a very acute criticism on Coleridge's Poetry, in "Imagination and Fancy,"—"Of all our writers of the briefer narrative poetry, Coleridge is the finest since Chaucer, and assuredly he is the sweetest of all our poets. Waller's music is but a court-flourish in comparison; and though Beaumont and Fletcher, Collins, Gray, Keats, Shelley, and others, have several as sweet passages, and Spenser is in a certain sense musical throughout, yet no man has written whole poems, of equal length, so perfect in the sentiment of music, so varied with it, and yet leaving on the ear so unbroken and single an effect."—IMAGINATION AND FANCY, page 78.

Perhaps the serious poems of THOMAS HOOD had few readers, until his "Song of the Shirt" rang out its melancholy chime, to remind us of the misery endured by some of the weakest and most helpless among us. Yet, years before, he had published a small volume of Poems, many of which were of rare beauty, and of which Ruth, and the Ode to the Moon, (given in this Book,) are sufficient to show what power he possessed in serious as well as in humorous writing; in the latter poem especially there is a mournful grace, which touches while it charms. The last stanza appeals to the universal feelings of the heart by its beauty and truthfulness. It is said that the Sonnets and Minor Poems of Shakspeare were favourite reading with Hood, and their influence is discernible in this Ode.

CHARLES LAMB is known more from his exquisite Essays, than from his Poems, yet the Editor thinks there is a merit about the

latter, which must endear them to the reader who is contented with simplicity of diction, and a direct appeal to human sympathies and affections.

In this they resemble the Sonnets of Bowles, which, without deeply touching the feelings, still exercise a gentle and humanising influence on the mind.

The Poems of LEIGH HUNT introduced here, are chosen as much on account of their own merit, as because they are a faithful reflex of the thoughtful, tender, and benevolent mind of their writer; they are already favourites with those who are acquainted with them, and the Editor thinks they cannot fail to be prized by those who may now read them for the first time. The Sonnet at page 421, "The Deformed Child," is by Mr. Hunt's Son, a young gentleman of a most amiable disposition, and, as the reader will perceive, giving no mean promise of becoming distinguished as a Poet, but for the early termination of his earthly existence. It is not only as a Poet that Mr. Hunt has conferred benefits on his kind,—he has penned some of the most charming Essays in the language, and he has done more than any other writer to elevate and refine the taste of his readers, by his genial and discriminating criticisms on the Poets of Greece, Italy, and England. He cherishes the warmest aspirations for and faith in the destination of humanity, and his regard for the species co-exists with the tenderest sympathy and affection for those who stand in need of his counsel and assistance.

The specimens of TENNYSON'S Poems given here, will be welcomed equally by those who are already acquainted with them, and by those who now see them for the first time. There are passages in this writer which remind us of the old ballads, and one or two of these would evince his extraordinary power over the mind, without

any other proof. One of these occurs in the Stanzas commencing "Break, break, break," and runs thus:—

"———— the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
*But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"*

The Poet who can write like this may well sway the minds of men to his own mood.

"The cry of the Children," by Mrs. BROWNING, is a Poem which may take its place by the side of Hood's "Song of the Shirt"; it has doubtless had its effect in producing an amelioration of the sufferings of those who are mentioned in it, and it is to be hoped that as the world becomes wiser and better, the miseries described in these two noble poems may no longer disgrace our land.

The other Poems by the same Authoress in the following pages show that indignation at the oppression of the poor, may co-exist with the most child-like fancy and love of nature.

Mr. BROWNING's Poems given here will be read with great pleasure, but they are not to be taken as the highest specimens of his works, his dramatic Poems being (in the judgment of the writer) superior to them; but these, as has been previously stated, have been excluded by the plan of the work.

The names of CAMPBELL, ROGERS, ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and BARRY CORNWALL have long been dear to all lovers of Poetry, and it is hoped the specimens here given will be welcome both on their own account, and for the sake of their authors.

The Editor feels proud at being able to insert some of the Poems of Professor WILSON and Mr. LANDOR, veteran and beloved names in the commonwealth of letters.

The popularity of Dr. MACKAY's name will prove the best introduction to the specimens of his poems contained in this Book.

Several of Professor LONGFELLOW's Poems have been given here. This charming writer has the happiness to be popular during his life time, and it appears likely that the circle of his admirers will expand as years roll on. He was at once welcomed in England as a true Poet, and if we sometimes regret that a higher finish is not given to his writings, we must acknowledge that "Evangeline," "A Psalm of Life," "Endymion," "Resignation," and many others, fully justify the eulogiums he has received, and that there is running through all his Poems a vein of elevated morality calculated to have the best effect on their readers. Some exquisite descriptions of natural scenery are to be found in *Evangeline*, and although the measure is not a popular one, readers of sensibility will hardly think of the form into which this beautiful and affecting tale has been moulded.

Several of BRYANT's Poems have been given, many of which are deserved favourites with the reading public. The specimens of EMERSON given here will interest those readers to whom he has only been known as a writer of Prose.

Some old English and Scottish Ballads, though not coming strictly within the plan of the work, and many of the lyrics of our great Dramatists, will be found in this Volume;—it is almost needless to point out to any reader the extreme beauty and delicacy of most of these.

There are some modern Poems which are worthy of being classed with them; and first among these may be mentioned Lady ANNE BARNARD's "Auld Robin Gray," (page 44,) and the "Lament of the Irish Emigrant," by the Honourable Mrs. PRICE BLACKWOOD, (p. 165.) The deep pathos of the latter, and the settled despair of the former

Poem, can hardly be surpassed. "The Braes of Yarrow," by LOGAN, (p. 163,) is a worthy companion to these. The fourth stanza of this Poem is so strikingly solemn and beautiful, that no apology is necessary for introducing it here :—

" His mother from the window looked,
 With all the longing of a mother ;
 His little sister weeping walked
 The greenwood path, to meet her brother ;
 They sought him east, they sought him west,
 They sought him all the forest thorough ;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow."

Allusion has already been made to the affection which the lovers of Poetry entertain for the writers to whom they owe so many happy hours. This feeling is beautifully expressed by Wordsworth in the following lines, which may form an appropriate conclusion to these remarks and serve as an introduction to the treasury of delightful poetry contained in the following pages.

" Dreams, books, are each a world ; and books, we know
 Are a substantial world, both pure and good :
 Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
 Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

* * * * *

Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—
 The gentle Lady married to the Moor ;
 And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

* * * * *

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise—
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
 The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

The Editor wishes to put on record his great obligation to those living Authors who have kindly permitted extracts to be made from their works, the insertion of which has much increased the beauty of this collection. Especially his thanks are due to Mr. Moxon, "the Poets' Bookseller," whose kindness, in giving leave for the use of Poems in which he is interested, has been of the greatest value.

The Poets.

The Lord of Burleigh.

IN her ear he whispers gaily,
 " If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,
 And I think thou lovest me well."
She replies, in accents fainter,
 " There is none I love like thee."
He is but a landscape-painter,
 And a village maiden she.
He to lips, that fondly falter,
 Presses his without reproof;
Leads her to the village altar,
 And they leave her father's roof
" I can make no marriage present;
 Little can I give my wife,
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
 And I love thee more than life."
They by parks and lodges going
 See the lordly castles stand:
Summer woods, about them blowing,
 Made a murmur in the land.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
 Says to her that loves him well,
" Let us see these handsome houses
 Where the wealthy nobles dwell."

So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and her's ;
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and ordered gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer :
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.
O but she will love him truly !
He shall have a cheerful home ;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns ;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before :
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door.
And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.
And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
“ All of this is mine and thine.”

Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin :
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove ;
But he clasped her like a lover,
And he cheered her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
Though at times her spirits sank :
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank :
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weighed upon her,
And perplexed her, night and morn,
With the burthen of an honour
Unto which she was not born.
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
As she murmured, " Oh, that he
Were once more that landscape-painter,
Which did win my heart from me !"
So she drooped and drooped before him,
Fading slowly from his side :
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.

Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh-house, by Stamford-town.
And he came to look upon her,
And he looked at her and said,
"Bring the dress, and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed."
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

TENNYSON.

She was a Phantom of Delight.

SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

WORDSWORTH.

Love.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my harp,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that fitted well
The ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand,
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined ; and, ah !
The low, the deep, the pleading tone,
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade,

There came, and looked him in the face,
An angel, beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight !

And how, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land ;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain ;

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay ;

His dying words—But when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve ;
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng !
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and maiden shame ;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside ;
As conscious of my look, she stepped—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And, bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'T was partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 't was a bashful art
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!

COLERIDGE.

Cupid and Campaspe.

CUPID and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
Loses them, too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how),
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

JOHN LYLY.

Resignation.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours ;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day, we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her,
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

The Snow Storm.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The steed and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come, see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn,
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,

Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

EMERSON.

The Reward of Virtue.

WHAT nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sighst thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assigned,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
How oft by these at sixty are undone,
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!

To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
 Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
 Esteem and love were never to be sold:
 Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human kind,
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in men has some small difference made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"
 I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.

* * * * *

Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
 Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go! and pretend your family is young;
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

POPE.—[From the "Essay on Man."]

Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel, writing in a book of gold :—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?”—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

The Exile of Cloudland.

I.

When I was a dweller in Cloudland,
I dwelt in a rich and a proud land ;
 I was lord of the clime,
 I was king of the time ;
 And the sun and the shower,
 The leaf and the flower,
All came to my bidding in Cloudland.

II.

I was monarch supreme in my Cloudland,
I was master of fate in that proud land ;
 I would not endure
 That a grief without cure,
 A love that could end,
 Or a false-hearted friend,
Should dwell for an instant in Cloudland.

III.

My Cloudland, my beautiful Cloudland,
I made thee a great and a proud land ;
 With skies ever bright,
 And with hearts ever light ;—
 Neither sorrow nor sin
 Found a harbour within,
And Love was the law of my Cloudland.

IV.

But, alas for myself and my proud land !
 There came Revolution in Cloudland ;
 My people, untrue,
 Broke my sceptre in two,
 And, false to their vow,
 Took the crown from my brow,
 And banished me far from my Cloudland.

V.

My Cloudland, my beautiful Cloudland,
 How happy was I in that proud land !
 All the wisdom I 've won
 Since my realm was undone,
 Is but poor to repay
 What I lost in the day
 When I turned my last looks upon Cloudland.

VI.

Oh, ye thoughts and ye feelings of Cloudland !
 Ye died when I quitted that proud land !
 I wander discrowned,
 On a bare chilly ground ;
 An exile forlorn,
 Weary, weary, and worn,
 Never more to revisit my Cloudland.

Gather ye Rose-buds.

GATHER ye Rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying :
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting ;
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best, which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer ;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;
And while ye may, go marry :
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

HERRICK.

Field Flowers.

YE field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 't is true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of birchen glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June :
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now, what affections the violet awakes !
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore !

What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks,
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom ;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

CAMPBELL.

Life.

THE Lark has sung his carol in the sky ;
The bees have hummed their noontide harmony.
Still in the vale the village bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound :
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale ;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.

Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin ;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine :
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
" 'T was on these knees he sate so oft, and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze ;
Soon issuing forth shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white ; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round ; and old and young,
In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene ;
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas, nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weepings heard where only joy has been ;
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is Human Life ; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone !
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening-fire ;
As any sung of old in hall or bower
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour !

ROGERS.—[From "Human Life."]

To Autumn.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run ;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook,
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozeings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river salallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

KEATS.

The Cry of the Children.

“φῆῦ, φῆῦ, τί προσδεχέσθῃς μὲν ὀμμάσιν, τέκνα.”—MEDEA.

I.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
 Ere the sorrow comes with years?
 They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,—
 And *that* cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!—
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

II.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so?—
The old man may weep for his to-morrow,
Which is lost in Long Ago—
The old tree is leafless in the forest—
The old year is ending in the frost—
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest—
The old hope is hardest to be lost:
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy Fatherland?

III.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's grief abhorrent, draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy—
“Your old earth,” they say, “is very dreary;”
“Our young feet,” they say, “are very weak!”
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek.

Ask the old why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold,—
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old !”

IV.

“ True,” say the young children, “ it may happen
That we die before our time.
Little Alice died last year—the grave is shapen
Like a snowball, in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her—
Was no room for any work in the close clay :
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying, ‘ Get up, little Alice ! it is day.’
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries !—
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes,—
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud, by the kirk-chime !
It is good when it happens,” say the children,
“ That we die before our time.”

V.

Alas, alas, the children ! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have !
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city—
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do—
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty—
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through !

But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows
 Like our weeds anear the mine?
 Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
 From your pleasures fair and fine!

VI.

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
 And we cannot run or leap—
 If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
 To drop down in them, and sleep.
 Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
 We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
 And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
 The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
 For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,
 Through the coal-dark, underground—
 Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
 In the factories, round and round.

VII.

"For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—
 Their wind comes in our faces,—
 Till our hearts turn,—our head, with pulses burning,
 And the walls turn in their places,—
 Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
 Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall—
 Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
 All are turning, all the day, and we with all.—
 And all day, the iron wheels are droning;
 And sometimes we could pray
 'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moaning),
 'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

VIII.

Ay, be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth—
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals—
Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!—
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

IX.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
To look up to Him and pray—
So the blessed One, who blesseth all the others,
Will bless them another day.
They answer, "Who is God that He should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word!
And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door:
Is it likely God, with angels singing round him,
Hears our weeping any more?

X.

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember;
And at midnight's hour of harm,—

Lowly Pleasures.

METHINKS I love all common things ;
The common air, the common flower ;
The dear kind common thought, that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love ; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away ?

Methinks I love the horny hand,
That labours until dusk from dawn ;
Methinks I love the russet band,
Beyond the band of silk or lawn ;
And, oh ! the lovely laughter drawn
From peasant lips, when sunny May
Leads in some flowery holiday !

What good are fancies fair, that rack
With painful thought the poet's brain ?
Alas ! they cannot bear us back
Unto happy years again !
But the white rose without stain
Bringeth times and thoughts of flowers,
When youth was bounteous as the hours !

E'en now, were I but rich, my hand
 Should open like a vernal cloud,
 When 't casts its beauty on a land
 In music sweet but never loud :
 But I am of the humble crowd ;
 And thus am I content to be,
 If thou, sweet Muse, wilt cherish me !

BARRY CORNWALL.

Mary Morison.

O MARY ! at thy window be,
 It is the wished, the trysted hour ;
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor :
 How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison !

Yestreen when, to the trembling string,
 The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw :
 Though this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sighed, and said, amang them a',
 " Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary! canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown:
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

BURNS.

A Psalm of Life.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

The Cypress Wreath.

O, LADY, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree !
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnished holly 's all too bright,
The May-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine ;
But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress-tree !

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine ;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due ;
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give ;
Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree !

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear ;
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipped in dew ;
On favoured Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green —
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy, meet for minstrel's hair ;
And, while his crown of laurel-leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;
But when you hear the passing bell,
Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough ;
But O, Matilda, twine not now !
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have looked and loved my last !
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue, —
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress-tree.

SCOTT.

Ruth.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened ; — such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veiled a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim ; —
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, heaven did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown, and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

To a Skylark.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run ;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art, we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view :

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite, or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be ;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not ;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

SHELLEY.

Hester.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 't was not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was trained in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning?

CHARLES LAMB.

Auld Robin Gray.

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
When a' the weary warld to quiet rest are gane;
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unkenned by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie looed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But saving ae crown piece, he 'd naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick — my Jamie was at sea —
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna spin ;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win ;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said, " Jenny, oh ! for their sakes, will you marry me ? "

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back ;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack :
His ship it was a wrack ! Why didna Jamie dee ?
Or wherefore am I spared to cry out, Woe is me !

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break ;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea ;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, " I 'm come hame, my love, to marry thee ! "

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a' ;
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bad him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I 'm no like to dee ;
For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin ;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, oh ! he is sae kind to me.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

Ode to Evening.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to sooth thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial, loved return !

For when thy folding star—arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car,

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Then lead, dear votress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect the last cool gleam.

Or if chill, blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes :

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy favourite name !

COLLINS.

A Satyr

PRESENTING FRUIT TO A SHEPHERDESS.

THOROUGH yon same bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods, have I run,
Whose bottom never kissed the sun
Since the lusty spring began,
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit ; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx bright.—
But, behold a fairer sight !

[Seeing the Shepherdess.]

By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods ; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty,
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live ! Therefore on this mould,
Lowly do I bend my knee,
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand,
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits ; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells :
Fairer by the famous wells,
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better, nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learned poet's good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus ; nuts more brown
Than the squirrels' teeth that crack them ;
Deign, oh, fairest fair, to take them.
For these black-eyed Driope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb :
See how well the lusty time
Hath decked their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green ;

'These are of that luscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat ;
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong ;
Till when humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade :
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun.

FLETCHER.

The Bride.

HER finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck :
And to say truth (for out it must)
It looked like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light :
But oh ! she dances such a way !
No sun upon an Easter Day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
 (Who sees them is undone,)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear
 The side that 's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin,
 Some bee had stung it newly.
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
 Than on the sun in July.

SUCKLING.—[From "A Ballad upon a Wedding."]

The Poet's Bridal-day Song.

O ! my love 's like the stedfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run ;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit ;
Fair, gentle, as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood ; ,
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee,
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon,
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond, and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons, and æ fair daughter sweet ;
And time and care and birthtime woes
Have dimmed thine eye, and touched thy rose ;
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
Whate'er charms me in tale or song.
When words descend like dews unsought,
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free,
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave, of old,
To silver, than some give to gold,
'T was sweet to sit and ponder o'er,
How we should deck our humble bower :
'T was sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
The golden fruit of Fortune's tree ;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for that brow of thine :
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow, and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought,—
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like a rainbow through the shower;
O then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye;
And proud resolve, and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak,—
I think this wedded wife of mine
The best of all things not divine.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The Grasshopper.

ANACREONTIC.

HAPPY insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'T is filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self 's thy Ganymede.

Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king !
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee ;
All that summer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice :
Man for thee does sow and plough ;
Farmer he, and landlord thou !
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year !
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire ;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy Insect ! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know :
But when thou 'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal !)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retirest to endless rest.

COWLEY.

Death's Final Conquest.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate :
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill,
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.
The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds :
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds :
All heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Youth and Age.

VERSE, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young? Ah, woful When!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along:—
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!

Ere I was Old ? Ah woeful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth 's no longer here !
O Youth ! for years so many and sweet,
'T is known that Thou and I were one,
I 'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be, that Thou art gone !
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled :
And thou wert aye a masker bold !
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that Thou art gone ?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size :
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
Life is but thought ; so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve !
Where no hope is, life 's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
 When we are old :
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismiss ;
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

Sonnet xxix.

WHEN in disgrace, with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone bewEEP my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least :
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
(Like to the lark, at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
For thy sweet love remembered, such wealth brings,
That then I scorNE to change my state with kings.

SHAKSPEARE.

Stanzas for Music.

“ O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo: quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nymphá, sensit.”

GRAY'S "Poemata."

THERE 's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;
'T is not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so
fast,

But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess;
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shivered sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for other's woes, it dare not dream its own;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 't is where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest;
'T is but as ivy-leaves around the ruined turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanished scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So 'midst the withered waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

BYRON.

Lucy Gray; or Solitude.

OFt I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
— The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“ To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“ That, Father ! will I gladly do :
'T is scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon !”

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe ;
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb :
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and turning homeward, cried,
“ In heaven we all shall meet ; ”
— When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

— Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild ;

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song,
That whistles in the wind.

WORDSWORTH.

Song.—On May Morning.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire ;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

Song.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

SHAKSPEARE.—[From "As you like it."]

The Romance of the Swan's Nest.

"So the dreams depart,
So the fading phantoms flee,
And the sharp reality
Now must act its part."

WESTWOOD'S "Beads from a Rosary."

I.

Little Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass :
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

II.

She has thrown her bonnet by ;
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow —
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

III.

Little Ellie sits alone, —
And the smile, she softly useth,
Fills the silence like a speech ;
While she thinks what shall be done, —
And the sweetest pleasure, chooseth,
For her future within reach.

IV.

Little Ellie, in her smile
Chooseth "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile;
And to *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds.

V.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath,—
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

VI.

"And the steed, it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs, along the sod,
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

VII.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in;
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, 'O love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in;
And I kneel here for thy grace.'

VIII.

“Then, ay, then—he shall kneel low—
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand—
Till I answer, ‘Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.’

IX.

“Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say—
Nathless, maiden-brave, ‘Farewell,’
I will utter, and dissemble—
‘Light to-morrow, with to-day.’

X.

“Then he will ride through the hills,
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong;
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

XI.

“Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream, and climb the mountain,
And kneel down beside my feet—
‘Lo! my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity’s counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?’

XII.

“ And the first time, I will send
A white rose-bud for a guerdon, —
And the second time, a glove ;
But the third time — I may bend
From my pride, and answer — ‘ Pardon —
If he comes to take my love.’

XIII.

“ Then the young foot-page will run —
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee ;
‘ I am a duke’s eldest son !
Thousand serfs do call me master —
But, O Love, I love but *thee* !

XIV.

“ He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds ;
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan’s nest among the reeds.”

XV.

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gaily ;
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the *two*.

XVI.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
 Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
 Where the osier pathway leads—
 Past the boughs she stoops—and stops:
 Lo! the wild swan had deserted—
 And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

XVII.

Ellie went home sad and slow,
 If she found the lover ever,
 With his red-roan steed of steeds,
 Sooth I know not! but I know
 She could never show him—never,
 That swan's nest among the reeds!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Music.

EFTSOONS they heard a most melodious sound,
 Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
 Such as at once might not on living ground,
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
 Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
 To rede what manner music that mote be;
 For all that pleasing is to living ear
 Was there consorted in one harmony;
 Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree;

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet ;
Th' angelical soft trembling voices made'
To th' instruments divine response meet ;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the bass murmur of the waters' fall ;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;
The gentle warbling wind, low answered to all.

SPENSER.—[From "The Faerie Queen."]

A Pastoral Evening.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops, how they kiss
Every little flower that is ;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from under ground ;
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face

Of these pastures, where they come,
 Striking dead both bud and bloom ;
 Therefore, from such danger, lock
 Every one his loved flock ;
 And let your dogs lie loose without,
 Lest the wolf come as a scout
 From the mountain, and, ere day,
 Bear a lamb or kid away,
 Or the crafty thievish fox
 Break upon your simple flocks.
 To secure yourselves from these
 Be not too secure in ease ;
 Let one eye his watches keep,
 While the other eye doth sleep ;
 So you shall good shepherds prove,
 And for ever hold the love
 Of our great God.* Sweetest slumbers,
 And soft silence, fall in numbers
 On your eye-lids ! So, farewell !
 Thus I end my evening's knell.

FLETCHER.

Bermudas.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,
 In the ocean's bosom unespied ;
 From a small boat that rowed along,
 The listening winds received this song.

* Pan.

What should We do but sing his praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs.
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage,
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing;
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night;
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet;
And throws the melons at our feet.
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon, he stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to sound his name.
Oh! let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault:
Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may,
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.

Thus sung they in the English boat,
An holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVELL.

To Althea.—From Prison.

WHEN love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates;
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates:
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye;
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tinkle in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When (like committed linnets) I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;

When I shall voice aloud, how good
He is, how great should be ;
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage ;
If I have freedom in my love, .
And in my soul am free ;
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

To Daffodils.

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon :
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the Even-song ;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a Spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or any thing.

We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the Summer's rain;
 Or as the pearls of Morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

HARRICK

Song.

How delicious is the winning
 Of a kiss at love's beginning,
 When two mutual hearts are sighing
 For the knot there's no untying!

doing,
 ruing;
 ickle,
 rickle.

tarries,

idden;
 and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last for ever !

Love 's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel :
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ringdove's neck from changing ?
No ! nor fettered Love from dying
In the knot there 's no untying.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Dirge.

GLORIES, pleasures, pomps, delights, and ease,
Can but please
The outward senses, when the mind
Is or untroubled, or by peace refined.
Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away.
Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.
Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.

Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare
 Rest for care ;
 Love only reigns in death ; though art
 Can find no comfort for A BROKEN HEART.

JOHN FORD.—[From "The Broken Heart."]

The Past.

THIS common field, this little brook,
 What is there hidden in these two,
 That I so often on them look—
 Oftener than on the heavens blue ?
 No beauty lies upon the field ;
 Small music doth the river yield ;
 And yet I look, and look again,
 With something of a pleasant pain.

'T is thirty—*can* it be thirty years
 Since last I stood upon this plank,
 Which o'er the brook its figure rears,
 And watched the pebbles as they sank ?
 How white the stream ! I still remember
 Its margin glassed by hoar December,
 And how the sun fell on the snow :
 Ah ! *can* it be so long ago ?

It cometh back ;—So blithe, so bright,
 It hurries to my eager ken,
 As though but one short winter's night
 Had darkened o'er the world since then ;

It is the same clear dazzling scene :—
Perhaps the grass is scarce as green ;
Perhaps the river's troubled voice
Doth not so *plainly* say — “ Rejoice.”

Yet Nature surely never ranges,
Ne'er quits her gay and flowery crown ;
But, ever joyful, merely changes
The primrose for the thistle-down.
'T is *we* alone who, waxing old,
Look on her with an aspect cold,
Dissolve her in our burning tears,
Or clothe her with the mists of years !

Then, why should not the grass be green ?
And why should not the river's song
Be merry, — as they both have been
When I was here an urchin strong ?
Ah, true — too true ! I *see* the sun
Through thirty wintry years hath run,
For grave eyes, mirrored in the brook,
Usurp the urchin's laughing look !

So be it ! I have lost, — and won !
For, once, the past was poor to me ;
The future dim ; and though the sun
Shed life and strength, and I was free,
I *felt* not — *knew* no grateful pleasure :
All seemed but as the common measure :
But now — the experienced Spirit old
Turns all the leaden past to gold !

Home-thoughts, from Abroad.

I.

OH! to be in England
Now that April 's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

II.

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That 's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

ROBERT BROWNING.

Ode to a Nightingale.

I.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk ;
'T is not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness —
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

II.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sun-burnt mirth !
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth ;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

III.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs ;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

IV.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
Already with thee ! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays ;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

V.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit tree wild ;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves ;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunts of flies on summer eves,

VI.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme
To take into the air my quiet breath ;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy !
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

VII.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
No hungry generations tread thee down ;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown :
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

VIII.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side ; and now 't is buried deep
In the next valley-glades :
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep ?

KEATS.

Early Morning.

SEE, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire ; the wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold ;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit ;
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay.

FLETCHER.

Flowers.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same universal being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sun-light shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gaily in the golden light ;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues ;
Tender wishes, blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than seeming ;
Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tells us of the ancient games of Flowers ;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection,
We behold their tender bands expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

LONGFELLOW.

Spring.

THE spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers,
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
In lovelier scenes to pass these sweeter hours,
A feeling like the worm's awakening wings,
Wild for companionship with swifter things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
To find refreshment in the silent woods;
And nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods—
Yet, even there, a restless thought will steal,
To teach the indolent heart it still must *feel*.

Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon,
The waters tripping with their silver feet,
The turning to the light of leaves in June,
And the light whisper as their edges meet—

Strange—that they fill not with their tranquil tone
The spirit walking in their midst alone.

There 's no contentment in a world like this,
Save in forgetting the immortal dream ;
We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,
That through the cloud-rifts radiantly stream ;
Bird-like, the prisoned soul *will* lift its eye
And pine—till it is hooded from the sky.

WILLIS.

To a Mountain Daisy,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower !
Thou 's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem :
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem !

Alas ! it 's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi 's spreckled breast,
When upward springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield ;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise ;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies.

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade !
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred :
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er.

Such fate to suffering Worth is given,
 Who long with wants and woes has striven,
 By human pride or cunning driven
 To misery's brink,
 Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
 He, ruined, sink.

Even thou who mournst the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date :
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom !

BURNS.

Winter in Scotland.

NOVEMBER's sky is chill and drear,
 November's leaf is red and sear :
 Late gazing down the steepy linn,
 That hems our little garden in,
 Low in its dark and narrow glen,
 You scarce the rivulet might ken,
 So thick the tangled green-wood grew ;
 So feebly trilled the streamlet through :
 Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
 Through bush and briar, no longer green,

An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn's glowing red
Upon our forest hills is shed ;
No more, beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam ;
Away hath passed the heather-bell,
That bloomed so rich on Needpath-fell ;
Sallow his brow, and russet bare,
Are now the sister-heights of Yare.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To sheltered dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sun-beam shines :
In meek despondency they eye
The withered sward and wintry sky,
And far beneath their summer hill,
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill :
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold ;
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel ;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

SCOTT.—[From " Marmion."]

The Garden of Adonis.

THERE is continual Spring, and harvest there
Continual, both meeting at one time ;
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,
Which seem to labour under their fruits' load ;
The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime
Amongst the shady leaves (their sweet abode),
And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

Right in the midst of that paradise
There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,
Whose shady boughs sharp steel did never lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,
But like a garland compassed the height,
And from their fruitful sides sweet gum did drop,
That all the ground, with precious dew bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.

And in the thickest covert of that shade
There was a pleasant arbour, not by art,
But of the trees' own inclination made,
Which knitting their rank branches part to part,
With wanton ivy-twine entrayled athwart,
And eglantine and caprefole among,

Fashioned above within their inmost part,
That neither Phœbus' beams could through them throng,
Nor Æolus' sharp blast could work them any wrong.

And all about grew every sort of flower
To which sad lovers were transformed of yore ;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus' paramour
And dearest love ;
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watery shore ;
Sad Amaranthus, made a flower but late,
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Me seems I see Amyntas' wretched fate,
To whom sweet poets' verse hath given endless date.

SPENSER.—[From "The Faerie Queene." Book 3, Canto 6.]

FROM

The Passionate Pilgrim.

TAKE, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears :
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

SHAKSPEARE.

To the Grasshopper and the Cricket.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that 's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass ;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass ;

Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine ; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts ; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

LEIGH HUNT.

Morning — its Music.

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep moans the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

BEATTIE.— [From "The Minstrel."]

The ProceSSION of the Seasons.

So forth issued the Seasons of the year ;
First lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers
That freshly budded, and new blooms did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowers,
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours ;
And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A gilt engraven morion he did wear,
That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured green,
That was unlined all, to be more light,
And on his head a garland well beseen
He wore, from which, as he had chafed been,
The sweat did drop, and in his hand he bore
A bow and shafts, as he in forest green
Had hunted late the leopard or the boar,
And now would bathe his limbs with labour heated sore.

Then came the Autumn, all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full gläd
That he had banished hunger, which to-fore

Had by the belly oft him pinched sore ;
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrolled
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

Lastly came Winter, clothed all in frieze,
Clattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distil ;
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still,
For he was faint with cold and weak with eld,
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to weld.

SPENSER.—[From "The Faerie Queene."]

The Ivy in the Dungeon.

I.

THE ivy in a dungeon grew
Unfed by rain, uncheered by dew ;
Its pallid leaflets only drank
Cave moistures foul, and odours dank.

II.

But through the dungeon-grating high
There fell a sunbeam from the sky ;

It slept upon the grateful floor
In silent gladness evermore.

III.

The ivy felt a tremor shoot
Through all its fibres to the root :
It felt the light, it saw the ray,
It strove to blossom into day.

IV.

It grew, it crept, it pushed, it clomb—
Long had the darkness been its home ;
But well it knew, though veiled in night,
The goodness and the joy of light.

V.

Its clinging roots grew deep and strong ;
Its stem expanded firm and long ;
And in the currents of the air
Its tender branches flourished fair.

VI.

It reached the beam—it thrilled—it curled—
It blessed the warmth that cheers the world ;
It rose towards the dungeon bars—
It looked upon the sun and stars.

VII.

It felt the life of bursting Spring,
It heard the happy sky-lark sing,
It caught the breath of morns and eves,
And wooed the swallow to its leaves.

VIII.

By rains, and dews, and sunshine fed,
Over the outer wall it spread ;
And in the daybeam waving free,
It grew into a stedfast tree.

IX.

Upon that solitary place
Its verdure threw adorning grace :
The mating birds became its guests,
And sang its praises from their nests.

X.

Wouldst thou know the moral of the rhyme ?
Behold the heavenly light ! and climb.
To every dungeon comes a ray
Of God's interminable day.

CHARLES MACKAY.

La Belle Dame Sans Merci.

AH, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest 's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful, a fairy's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sideways would she lean and sing
A fairy's song.

I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
 And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
 I love thee true.

She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she gazed and sighed deep,
And there I shut her wild sad eyes —
 So kissed to sleep.

And there we slumbered on the moss,
 And there I dreamed, ah woe betide
The latest dream I ever dreamed
 On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cried, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci
 Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloom
 With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
 On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
 Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

Dirge in Cymbeline.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash ;
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear not slander ; censure rash :
Thou hast finished joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Nothing ill come near thee !
Quiet consummation have ;
And renowned be thy grave !

SHAKSPEARE.

Frost at Midnight.

THE frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owlet's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'T is calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
By its own moods interprets, every where
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

But O ! how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering stranger ! and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come !
So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt
Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams !
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book :
Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
For still I hoped to see the stranger's face,
Townsmen, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike !

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought !
My babe so beautiful ! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes ! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.

But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee;
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eve-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the silent Moon.

COLERIDGE.

A Spring Morning.

COME then, ye Virgins and ye Youths! whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song!
Formed by the Graces, Loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mixed,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning-dews; and gather, in their prime,
Fresh blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy loved bosom, that improves their sweets.

See where the winding vale its lavish stores
Irriguous spreads. See how the lily drinks
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass
Of growth luxuriant, or the humid bank
In fair profusion decks. Long let us walk
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossomed beans: Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy, than liberal, thence
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravished soul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of fresh verdure and unnumbered flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide and wild,

Where, undisguised by mimic Art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions, tend : around, athwart,
Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul ;
And oft with bolder wing they soaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

THOMSON.—[From "The Seasons."]

Gentle Herdsman, tell to me.

GENTLE herdsman, tell to me,
Of courtesy I thee pray,
Unto the town of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way ?

" Unto the town of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gone ;
And very crooked are those paths
For you to find out all alone."

Were the miles doubled thrice,
And the way never so ill,
It were not enough for mine offence ;
It is so grievous and so ill.

“Thy years are young, thy face is fair,
Thy wits are weak, thy thoughts are green ;
Time hath not given thee leave as yet,
For to commit so great a sin.”

Yes, herdsman, yes, so wouldst thou say,
If thou knewest so much as I ;
My wits, and thoughts, and all the rest,
Have well deserved for to die.

I am not what I seem to be,
My clothes and sex do differ far—
I am a woman, woe is me !
Born to grief and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well beloved,
My wayward cruelty could kill :
And though my tears will not avail,
Most dearly I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere could be ;
Of comely mien and shape he was,
And tenderly he loved me.

When thus I saw he loved me well,
I grew so proud his pain to see,
That I, who did not know myself,
Thought scorn of such a youth as he ;

And grew so coy and nice to please,
As woman's looks are often so,
He might not kiss nor hand, forsooth,
Unless I willed him so to do.

Thus being wearied with delays
To see I pitied not his grief,
He got him to a secret place,
And there he died without relief.

And for his sake these weeds I wear,
And sacrifice my tender age;
And every day I'll beg my bread,
To undergo this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray,
And ever will do till I die;
And get me to some secret place,
For so did he, and so will I.

Now, gentle herdsman, ask no more,
But keep my secrets I thee pray,
Unto the town of Walsingham
Show me the right and ready way.

“Now go thy ways, and God before!
For he must ever guide thee still:
Turn down that dale, the right hand path,
And so, fair pilgrim, fare thee well!”

PERCY'S RELIQUES

The Pleasures of Poetry.

She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow ;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace ;
And the blackest discontents
To be pleasing ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw
I could some invention draw :
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest object's sight ;
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling ;
By a daisy whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed,
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness ;
The dull liveness, the black shade,
That those hanging vaults have made,

The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves,
This black den which rocks emboss,
Over-grown with eldest moss,
The rude portals that give light,
More to terror than delight.
This my chamber of neglect,
Walled about with disrespect,
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair ;
She hath taught me, by her might,
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesie, thou sweetest content
That ever Heaven to mortals lent :
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born :
Let my life no longer be,
Than I am in love with thee.
Though our wise ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of sadness,
If I love not thy maddest fits
Above all their greatest wits.
And though some too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly :
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What makes knaves and fools of them.

Evening.

FROM yonder wood mark blue-eyed Eve proceed :
First through the deep and warm and secret glens,
Through the pale-glimmering privet-scented lane,
And through those alders by the river-side :
Now the soft dust impedes her, which the sheep
Have hollowed out beneath their hawthorn shade.
But ah ! look yonder ! see a misty tide
Rise up the hill, lay low the frowning grove,
Enwrap the gay white mansion, sap its sides
Until they sink and melt away like chalk ;
Now it comes down against our village-tower,
Covers its base, floats o'er its arches, tears
The clinging ivy from the battlements,
Mingles in broad embrace the obdurate stone,
(All one vast ocean,) and goes swelling on
In slow and silent, dim and deepening waves.

LANDOR.

Hallowed Ground.

WHAT 's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That 's hallowed ground—where, mourned and missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed;
But where 's their memory's mansion? Is 't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound:
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould;
And will not cool,
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'T is not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep
 Their turf may bloom;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb:

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
And is he dead whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind,
 Is not to die.

Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He 's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
 The sword he draws:
What can alone ennoble fight?
 A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome War to brace
Her drums! and rend Heaven's reeking space!
The colours planted face to face,
 The charging cheer,
Though death's pale horse lead on the chase,
 Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven! but Heaven rebukes my zeal!
The cause of Truth and human weal,
 O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
 To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love! the cherubim, that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not—
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
Belie the vaunt,
That men can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan!
But there's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—
Its space is Heaven!

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above?
Ye must be Heavens that make us sure
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
 I read the doom of distant time ;
 That man's regenerate soul from crime
 Shall yet be drawn,
 And reason on his mortal clime
 Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'T is what gives birth
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth !
 Peace ! Independence ! Truth ! go forth
 Earth's compass round :
 And your high priesthood shall make earth
 ALL HALLOWED GROUND.

CAMPBELL.

The Lost Wife.

LONE, by my solitary hearth,
 Whence peace hath fled,
 And home-like joys, and innocent mirth
 Are banished ;
 Silent and sad, I linger to recall
 The memory of all
 In thee, dear partner of my cares, I lost ;
 Cares, shared with thee, more sweet than joys the world can boast.
 My home—why did I say my home !
 Now have I none,
 Unless thou from the grave again couldst come,
 Beloved one !

My home was in thy trusting heart,
Where'er thou wert ;
My happy home in thy confiding breast,
Where my worn spirit refuge found and rest.

I know not if thou wast most fair
And best of womankind ;
Or whether earth yet beareth fruits more rare
Of heart and mind ;
To ME, I know, thou wert the fairest,
Kindest, dearest,
That heaven to man in mercy ever gave,
And more than man from heaven deserved to have.

Never from thee, sweet wife,
Came word or look awry,
Nor peacock pride, nor sullen fit, nor strife
For mastery :
Calm and controlled thy spirit was, and sure
So to endure :
My friend, protectress, guide, whose gentle will
Compelled my good, withholding from me ill.

No art of selfishness
Thy generous nature knew ;
Thy life all love, thy bliss the power to bless ;
Constant and true,
Content, if to thy lot the world should bring
Enduring suffering ;
Unhappy, if permitted but to share
Part of my griefs, wouldst both our burthens bear.

My joy, my solace, and my pride
I found thee still :
Whatever change our fortunes might betide
Of good or ill,
Worthier I was life's blessing to receive
While thou didst live ;
All that I had of good in others' sight,
Reflected shone thy virtue's borrowed light.

The lute unstrung—the meals in silence ate
We wont to share ;
The widowed bed—the chamber desolate,
Thou art not there ;
The tear at parting, and the greeting kiss,
Who would not miss ?
Endearments fond, and solaced hours, and all
The important trivial things men comfort call.

Oh ! mayst thou, if permitted, from above
The starry sphere,
Encompass me with ever-during love,
As thou didst here :
Still be my guardian spirit, lest I be
Unworthy thee ;
Still, as on earth, thy grace celestial give,
So GUIDE MY LIFE AS THOU WOULDST HAVE ME LIVE.

JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

To Mary in Heaven.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherst in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hearst thou the groans that rend his breast?
That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!
Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene:
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care !
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary ! dear departed shade !
Where is thy blissful place of rest ?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hearst thou the groans that rend his breast ?

BURNS.

Maidenhood.

MAIDEN ! with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orb a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run !

Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse !

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then, why pause with indecision,
When bright angels, in thy vision,
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove with startled eye
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

LONGFELLOW.

Eve describes her First Sensations.

THAT day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade of flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
Pure as th' expanse of Heaven ; I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A shape within the watery gleam appeared

Bending to look on me. I started back,
It started back, but pleased I soon returned,
Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love; there I had fixed
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire
Had not a voice thus warned me, What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself,
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces; he
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a plantain, yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image; back I turned,
Thou following criedst aloud, Return, fair Eve;
Whom fliest thou? whom thou fliest, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other self: with that thy gentle hand
Seized mine, I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excelled by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unproved,

And meek surrender, half embracing leaned
On our first father, half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers; and pressed her matron lip
With kisses pure.

MILTON.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

COME live with me, and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield.

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the Shepherds feed our flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the Gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The Shepherd-Swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May-morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my Love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

The Nymph's Reply.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every Shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy Love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold ;
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields,
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy Love.

Why should we talk of dainties then,
Of better meat than 's fit for men ?
These are but vain : that's only good
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need ;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Ode to the Moon.

I.

MOTHER of light! how fairly dost thou go
Over those hoary crests, divinely led!
Art thou that huntress of the silver bow
Fabled of old? Or rather dost thou tread
Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,
Like the wild Chamois from her Alpine snow,
Where hunter never climbed,—secure from dread?
How many antique fancies have I read
Of that mild presence! and how many wrought!
 Wondrous and bright,
 Upon the silver light,
Chasing fair figures with the artist, Thought!

II.

What art thou like? Sometimes I see thee ride
A far-bound galley on its perilous way,
Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray;
 Sometimes behold thee glide,
Clustered by all thy family of stars,
Like a lone widow, through the welkin wide,
Whose pallid cheek the midnight sorrow mars;

Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,
Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,
Till in some Latmian cave I see thee creep,
To catch the young Endymion asleep,
Leaving thy splendour at the jagged porch!

III.

Oh, thou art beautiful, howe'er it be!
Huntress, or Dian, or whatever named;
And he, the veriest Pagan, that first framed
A silver idol, and ne'er worshipped thee!
It is too late, or thou shouldst have my knee;
Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,
And not divine the crescent on thy brows!
Yet, call thee nothing but the mere mild Moon,
 Behind those chesnut boughs,
Casting their dappled shadows at my feet;
I will be grateful for that simple boon,
In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,
And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.

IV.

In nights far gone,—ay, far away and dead,—
Before Care-fretted with a lidless eye,—
I was thy wooer on my little bed,
Letting the early hours of rest go by,
To see thee flood the heaven with milky light,
And feed thy snow-white swans, before I slept;
For thou wert then purveyor of my dreams,
Thou wert the fairies' armourer, that kept
Their burnished helmets, and crowns, and corslets bright,

Their spears, and glittering mails ;
And ever thou didst spill in winding streams
Sparkles and midnight gleams,
For fishes to new gloss their argent scales !

v.

Why sighs?—why creeping tears?—why clasped hands?
Is it to count the boy's expended dower?
That fairies since have broke their gifted wands?
That young Delight, like any o'erblown flower,
Gave, one by one, its sweet leaves to the ground?
Why then, fair Moon, for all thou markst no hour,
Thou art a sadder dial to old Time
Than ever I have found
On sunny garden-plot, or moss-grown tower,
Mottoed with stern and melancholy rhyme.

vi.

Why should I grieve for this? O I must yearn,
Whilst Time, conspirator with Memory,
Keeps his cold ashes in an ancient urn,
Richly embossed with childhood's revelry,
With leaves and clustered fruits, and flowers eterne,—
(Eternal to the world, though not to me ;)
Aye there will those brave sports and blossoms be,
The deathless wreath, and undecayed festoon,
When I am hearsed within,—
Less than the pallid primrose to the Moon,
That now she watches through a vapour thin.

VII.

So let it be :— Before I lived to sigh,
Thou wert in Avon, and a thousand rills,
Beautiful Orb! and so, whene'er I lie
Trodden, thou wilt be gazing from thy hills.
Blest be thy loving light, where'er it spills,
And blessed thy fair face, O Mother mild!
Still shine, the soul of rivers as they run,
Still lend thy lonely lamp to lovers fond,
And blend their plighted shadows into one :
Still smile at even on the bedded child,
And close his eyelids with thy silver wand!

THOMAS HOOD.

Song.

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone ;
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again :
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully,
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see.
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe ;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no more.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

The Maid's Lament.

I loved him not ; and yet now he is gone
I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke ; yet could he speak,
Alas ! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him : I now would give
My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
'T was vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death.
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me : but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart : for years
Wept he as bitter tears.
Merciful God ! such was his latest prayer,
These may she never share !
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold,
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoc'er you be,
And oh ! pray too for me.

Sonnet.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climbst the skies ;
How silently ; and with how wan a face !
What ! may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries ?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feelst a lover's case ;
I read it in thy looks ; thy languisht grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit ?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn, whom that love doth possess ?
Do they call *virtue* there — ungratefulness ?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

The Voice of Departed Friendship.

I HAD a friend who died in early youth !
And often in those melancholy dreams,
When my soul travels through the umbrage deep
That shades the silent world of memory,
Methinks I hear his voice ! sweet as the breath
Of balmy ground-flowers, stealing from some spot
Of sunshine sacred, in a gloomy wood,
To everlasting spring.

In the church-yard

Where now he sleeps—the day before he died,
Silent we sat together on a grave ;
Till gently laying his pale hand on mine,
Pale in the moonlight that was coldly sleeping
On heaving sod and marble monument, —
This was the music of his last farewell !
“ Weep not, my brother ! though thou seest me led
“ By short and easy stages, day by day,
“ With motion almost imperceptible
“ Into the quiet grave. God’s will be done.
“ Even when a boy, in doleful solitude
“ My soul oft sate within the shadow of death !
“ And when I looked along the laughing earth,
“ Up the blue heavens, and through the middle air
“ Joyfully ringing with the sky-lark’s song,

“ I wept! and thought how sad for one so young
“ To bid farewell to so much happiness.
“ But Christ hath called me from this lower world,
“ Delightful though it be—and when I gaze
“ On the green earth and all its happy hills,
“ ’T is with such feelings as a man beholds
“ A little farm which he is doomed to leave
“ On an appointed day. Still more and more
“ He loves it as that mournful day draws near,
“ But hath prepared his heart—and is resigned.”
—Then lifting up his radiant eyes to heaven,
He said with fervent voice—“ O what were life
“ Even in the warm and summer-light of joy
“ Without those hopes, that, like refreshing gales
“ At evening from the sea, come o’er the soul
“ Breathed from the ocean of eternity.
“ —And oh! without them who could bear the storms
“ That fall in roaring blackness o’er the waters
“ Of agitated life! Then hopes arise
“ All round our sinking souls, like those fair birds
“ O’er whose soft plumes the tempest hath no power,
“ Waving their snow-white wings amid the darkness,
“ And wiling us with gentle motion, on
“ To some calm Island! on whose silvery strand
“ Dropping at once, they fold their silent pinions,—
“ And as we touch the shores of paradise
“ In love and beauty walk around our feet!”

PROFESSOR WILSON

FROM

The Castle of Indolence.

IN lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely piece of ground :
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with Spring, with Summer half embrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne' cared even for play :

Was nought around but images of rest :
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breathed ; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurled every where their waters sheen ;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :

And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep :
Yet all these sounds y-blent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood ;
Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,
As Idlesse fancied in her dreaming mood :
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky :
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh ;
But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close hid his castle 'mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of chequered day and night ;
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,

Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed, and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harsh, complained, lamenting man's estate.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
No cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-opened into halls, where who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretched around in seemly band,
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And every where huge covered tables stood,
With wines high flavoured, and rich viands crowned:
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found.
And all old Ocean 'genders in his round;
Some hand unseen these silently displayed,
E'en undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses played.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale;
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale
Poured forth at large the sweetly tortured heart,
Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,
And taught charmed Echo to resound their smart,
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace impart.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls :
Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes,
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies ;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies :
Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew.

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclined,
Lulled the weak bosom, and induced ease ;
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs
As did, alas ! with soft perdition please :
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store,
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore :
When sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there
Cheered the lone midnight with the Muse's lore,
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began
So worked the wizard,) wintry storms to swell,

As heaven and earth they would together mell :
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all,
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

THOMSON.

To my young Lady Lucy Sidney.

WHY came I so untimely forth
Into a world which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth
Or shadow of felicity ?
That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love?
Yet, fairest blossom ! do not slight
That age which you may know so soon :
The rosy morn resigns her light
And milder glory to the noon :
And then what wonders shall you do,
Whose dawning beauty warms us so ?
Hope waits upon the flowery prime ;
And summer, though it be less gay,
Yet is not looked on as a time
Of declination or decay :
For with a full hand that does bring
All that was promised by the spring.

WALLER.

It 's hame, and it 's hame.

It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be;
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !
When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree ;
It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !

The green leaf o' loyaltie 's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a' ;
But I 'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countree.
It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !

There 's nought now from ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie
May rise again and fight for their ain countree.
It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !

The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave ;
But the sun thro' the mirk blinks blythe in my ee :
' I 'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree.'
It 's hame, and it 's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it 's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Solitude.

HAIL, old patrician trees, so great and good!

Hail, ye plebeian under-wood!

Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muses' richest manor-seat!

Ye country houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect;

Nature, the wisest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,

Hear the soft winds, above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying;
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,

Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
On whose enamelled bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear
How prettily they talk.

Ah, wretched and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company !
He 'll feel the weight of 't many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear 't away.

* * * * *

COWLEY.

To an Early Primrose.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire !
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee when young Spring first questioned Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity, in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved ;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

KIRKE WHITE.

Rural Sights.

THE Nurse sleeps sweetly, hired to watch the sick
Whom snoring she disturbs. As sweetly he
Who quits the coach-box at the midnight hour
To sleep within the carriage more secure,
His legs depending at the open door.
Sweet sleep enjoys the Curate in his desk,
The tedious Rector drawling o'er his head,
And sweet the Clerk below : but neither sleep
Of lazy Nurse, who snores the sick man dead,
Nor his who quits the box at midnight hour
To slumber in the carriage more secure,
Nor sleep enjoyed by Curate in his desk,
Nor yet the dozings of the Clerk are sweet,
Compared with the repose the Sofa yields.

Oh may I live exempted (while I live
Guiltless of pampered appetite obscene)
From pangs arthritic that infest the toe
Of libertine excess. The Sofa suits
The gouty limb, 't is true ; but gouty limb,

Though on a SOFA, may I never feel ;
For I have loved the rural walk through lanes
Of grassy swarth close cropt by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs ; have loved the rural walk
O'er hills, through valleys, and by river's brink,
E'er since a truant boy I passed my bounds
To enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames.
And still remember, nor without regret
Of hours that sorrow since has much endeared,
How oft, my slice of pocket store consumed,
Still hungering, penniless, and far from home,
I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws,
Or blushing crabs, or berries that emboss
The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere.
Hard fare ! but such as boyish appetite
Disdains not, nor the palate, undepraved
By culinary arts, unsavoury deems.
No SOFA then awaited my return,
Nor SOFA then I needed. Youth repairs
His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil
Incurring short fatigue ; and though our years
As life declines speed rapidly away,
And not a year but pilfers as he goes
Some youthful grace that age would gladly keep,
A tooth, or auburn lock, and by degrees
Their length and colour from the locks they spare ;
The elastic spring of an unwearied foot,
That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence,
That play of lungs inhaling, and again
Respiring freely, the fresh air, that makes

Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me,
Mine have not pilfered yet; nor yet impaired
My relish of fair prospect; scenes that soothed
Or charmed me young, no longer young, I find
Still soothing, and of power to charm me still.
And witness, dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
Fast locked in mine, with pleasure such as love,
Confirmed by long experience of thy worth
And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire—
Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.
Thou knowst my praise of nature most sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjured up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all.
How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slackened to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
Thence with what pleasure have we just discerned
The distant plough still moving, and beside
His labouring team, that swerved not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminished to a boy!
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale.

The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.
Scenes must be beautiful, which daily viewed
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years;
Praise justly due to those that I describe.

COWPER.—[From "The Task."]

FROM

The Deserted Village.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place,
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;

Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.—[From "The Deserted Village."]

Adam and Eve in Paradise.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seemed lords of all.
And worthy seemed, for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, Wisdom, Sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed ;
Whence true authority in men ; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed,
For contemplation he and valour formed,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace ;

He for God only, she for God in him :
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad ;
She as a veil down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.

* * * *

So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight
Of God, or angel, for they thought no ill :
So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met,
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down, and after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell ;
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers.

MILTON.

Earine.

EARINE,

Who had her very being and her name
With the first knots or buddings of the spring,
Born with the primrose, or the violet,
Or earliest roses blown.

* * * *

Here she was wont to go! and here! and here!
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
The world may find the spring by following her,
For other print her airy steps ne'er left.
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk!
But like the soft west wind she shot along,
And where she went the flowers took thickest root,
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot.

BEN JONSON.

Belphebe, a Huntress.

ERTSOON there steppèd forth
A goodly lady clad in hunter's weed,
That seemed to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance born of heavenly birth.

Her face so fair as flesh it seemèd not,
But heavenly portrait of bright angel's hue,
Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions due;
And in her cheeks the vermeil red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,
The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
And gazer's sense with double pleasure fed,
Able to heal the sick, and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' heavenly Maker's light,
And darted fiery beams out of the same
So passing perceant and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereaved the rash beholder's sight:
In them the blinded god his lustful fire
To kindle oft assayed, but had no might;
For with dread majesty, and awful ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

Her ivory forehead, full of bounty brave,
Like a broad table did itself dissread,
For love his lofty triumphs to engrave,
And write the battles of his great godhead;
All good and honour might therein be read,
For there their dwelling was; and when she spake,
Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did shed,
And twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly music seemed to make

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even brows
Working bellegardes and amorous rétraite,
And every one her with a grace endows,
And every one with meekness to her bows:
So glorious mirror of celestial grace,
And sovereign monument of mortal vows,
How shall frail pen describe her heavenly face,
For fear, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace?

So fair, and thousand thousand times more fair,
She seemed, when she presented was to sight,
And was yclad, for heat of scorching air,
All in a silken camus lily white,
Purfled upon with many a folded plite,
Which all above besprinkled was throughout
With golden aigulets that glistered bright,
Like twinkling stars, and all the skirt about
Was hemmed with golden fringe.

And in her hand a sharp bow spear she held,
And at her back a bow and quiver gay,

Stuffed with steel-headed darts, wherewith she quelled
 The savage beasts in her victorious play,
 Knit with a golden baldrick, which forelay
 Athwart her snowy breast, and did divide
 Her dainty paps ; which like young fruit in May
 Now little 'gan to swell, and being tied,
 Through her thin weed their places only signified.

Her yellow locks crispèd like golden wire,
 About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
 And when the wind amongst them did enspire,
 They wavèd like a pennon wide disspread,
 And low behind her back were scatterèd ;
 And whether art it were or heedless hap,
 As through the flowering forest rash she fled,
 In her rude hairs sweet flowers themselves did lap,
 And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms did enwrap.

SPENSER.

Hymn to Light.

FIRST-BORN of Chaos, who so fair didst come
 From the old Negro's darksome womb !
 Which, when it saw the lovely child,
 The melancholy mass put on kind looks and smiled.
 Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,
 But ever ebb and ever flow !
 Thou golden shower of a true Jove !
 Who does in thee descend, and heaven to earth make love !

Hail active Nature's watchful life and health !
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth !
Hail to thy husband Heat, and thee !
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lusty bridegroom he !

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
Do all thy winged arrows fly ?
Swiftness and power by birth are thine ;
From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire, the Word divine.

* * * *

Thou in the moon's proud chariot, proud and gay,
Dost thy proud wood of stars survey,
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above
The Sun's gilt tent for ever move,
And still as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with those living spangles gild,
(O greatness without pride !) the bushes of the field.

* * * *

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said
To shake his wings, and rouse his head ;
And cloudy care has often took
A gentle beamy smile reflected from thy look.

* * * *

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy several liveries.

Thou the rich dye on them bestowest,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou goest.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wearest;
A crown of studded gold thou bearest;
The virgin lilies, in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling bands:
On the fair tulip thou dost dote;
Thou clothest it in a gay and parti-coloured coat.

* * * *

Through the soft ways of heaven, and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide,
And with thy living stream through the close channels slide.

COWLEY.

Solitude.

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that makes me moan:
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home:
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sere and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording Sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale:
I 've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too;
I start, and when the vision 's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

KIRKE WHITE.

Isaac Ashford.

NEXT to these ladies, but in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean;
His truth unquestioned, and his soul serene;
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid!
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed:

Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face.
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved:
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And with the firmest, had the fondest mind:
Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed;
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved:
I marked his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried;
The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
Spoke pity, plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 't was not their vulgar pride,
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
Nor pride in learning,—though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed!
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few:
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours trained;
Pride, in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride, in a life that slander's tongue defied,
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed Pride.

* * * *

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there;
I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honoured head;
No more that awful glance on playful wight,
Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,
Till Mister Ashford softened to a smile;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith (to give it force), are there:—
But he is blest, and I lament no more,
A wise good man contented to be poor.

CRABBE.

The Skylark.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth;
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away ;
Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be ;
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee !

Hogg.

Catharina.

ADDRESSED TO MISS STAPLETON.

SHE came—she is gone—we have met —
And meet perhaps never again ;
The sun of that moment is set,
And seems to have risen in vain ;
Catharina has fled like a dream,
So vanishes pleasure, alas !
But has left a regret and esteem
That will not so suddenly pass.

The last evening ramble we made,
Catharina, Maria, and I,
Our progress was often delayed
By the nightingale warbling nigh.
We paused under many a tree,
And much she was charmed with a tone
Less sweet to Maria and me,
Who so lately had witnessed her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,
And gave them a grace so divine,
As only her musical tongue
Could infuse into numbers of mine.
The longer I heard, I esteemed
The work of my fancy the more,
And even to myself never seemed
So tuneful a poet before.

Though the pleasures of London exceed
In number the days of the year,
Catharina, did nothing impede,
Would feel herself happier here;
For the close-woven arches of limes
On the banks of our river, I know,
Are sweeter to her many times
Than aught that the city can show.

So it is when the mind is imbued
With a well-judging taste from above,
Then, whether embellished or rude,
'Tis nature alone that we love.

The achievements of art may amuse,
May even our wonder excite,
But groves, hills, and valleys diffuse
A lasting, a sacred delight.

Since then in the rural recess
Catharina alone can rejoice,
May it still be her lot to possess
The scene of her sensible choice!
To inhabit a mansion remote
From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,
And by Philomel's annual note
To measure the life that she leads!

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre,
To wing all her moments at home,
And with scenes that new rapture inspire,
As oft as it suits her to roam,
She will have just the life she prefers,
With little to hope or to fear,
And our's would be pleasant as her's,
Might we view her enjoying it here.

Hymn to Diana.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:

Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close:
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that makest a day of night,
Goddess, excellently bright.

BEN JONSON.

If I had thought thou couldst have died.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be;
It never through my mind had past
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again,
And still the thought I will not brook
That I must look in vain.
But, when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er leftst unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead.

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been !
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own,
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

REV. CHAS. WOLFE

Sonnet,

AT OSTEND, JULY 22, 1787.

How sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal!
As when, at opening morn, the fragrant breeze
Breathes on the trembling sense of wan disease,
So piercing to my heart their force I feel!
And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall,
And now, along the white and level tide,
They fling their melancholy music wide;
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of summer-days, and those delightful years
When by my native streams, in life's fair prime,
The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First waked my wondering childhood into tears!
But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
The sounds of joy once heard, and heard no more.

W. L. BOWLES.

The Braes of Yarrow.

“ THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream !
When first on them I met my lover ;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream !
When now thy waves his body cover !
For ever now, O Yarrow stream,
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow !

“ He promised me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers ;
He promised me a little page,
To 'squire me to his father's towers ;
He promised me a wedding ring,—
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow ;—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas ! his watery grave in Yarrow !

“ Sweet were his words when last we met ;
My passion I as freely told him !
Clasped in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him !
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow ;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

“ His mother from the window looked,
With all the longing of a mother ;
His little sister weeping walked
The green-wood path to meet her brother :
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough ;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

“ No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
No longer walk, thou lovely maid ;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother !
No longer seek him, east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough ;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

“ The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow ;
I 'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I 'll sleep in Yarrow.”
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow ;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

I 'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride :
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again ;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listenin' for the words
You never more will speak.

'T is but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I 've laid you, darling, down to sleep
With your baby on your breast.

•

I 'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But, oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all *I* had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride:
There 's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.
Your's was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on *your* lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.
I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for *my* sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I 'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!
I 'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I 'll not forget *you*, darling,
In the land I 'm goin' to:
They say there 's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I 'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I 'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies ;
And I 'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side :
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

HON. MRS. PRICE BLACKWOOD.

Song.

I.

THE lark now leaves his watery nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings,
He takes this window for the east,
And to implore your light, he sings,
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

II.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes ;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn !
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

DAVENANT.

Spring.

FROM the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs ;
And swells and deepens to the cherished eye.
The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales ;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing concealed. At once arrayed
In all the colours of the flushing year,
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance ; while the promised fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweetbriar hedges I pursue my walk ;
Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffused around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms ; where the raptured eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

THOMSON.

A Northern Winter.

Copenhagen, March, 9, 1700.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracks of snow,
From streams that northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how so near the Pole attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects that to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
Nor birds within the desert region sing.
The ships unmoved the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day,
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
For many a shining league, the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain :
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet, but lately have I seen, even here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.

Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
Or winds began through hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose ;
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brightened every object to my eyes :
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn seemed wrought in glass.
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds the watery marshes yield
Seem polished lances in a hostile field.
The stag in limpid currents, with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise,
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies :
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends ;
Or if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees.
Like some deluded peasant Merlin leads
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious meads ;
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,

His wandering feet the magic paths pursue :
 And while he thinks the fair music true,
 The trackless scenes disperse in thin air,
 And woods, and willows, and lonely ways appear :
 A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
 And as he goes, the transient vision fades.

ANDREW PELLIS.

The Ruling Passion.

MANNERS with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
 Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Search then the ruling passion : There, alone,
 The wild are constant, and the cunning known ;
 The fool consistent, and the false sincere ;
 Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
 This clue, once found, unravels all the rest,
 The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
 Wharton the scorn and wonder of our days,
 Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise ;
 Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
 Women and fools must like him, or he dies :
 Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
 The club must hail him master of the joke.
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
 He 'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.

* * * *

Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt ;
 And most contemptible to shun contempt ;
 His passion still, to covet general praise ;
 His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways ;
 A constant bounty, which no friend has made ;
 An angel tongue, which no man can persuade ;
 A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
 Too rash for thought, for action too refined :
 A tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;
 A rebel to the very king he loves ;
 He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
 And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great.
 Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule ?
 'T was all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

[POPE.—From "Moral Essays," Epistle

Fæsulan Idyl.

HERE, where precipitate Spring, with one light bound
 Into hot Summer's lusty arms, expires,
 And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,
 Soft airs that want the lute to play with 'em,
 And softer sighs that know not what they want,
 Aside a wall, beneath an orange tree,
 Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier ones
 Of sights in Fiesolé, right up above,

[illegible]

Was come, and bees had wounded them, and flies
Of harder wing were working their way through,
And scattering them in fragments under-foot.
So crisp were some, they rattled unevolved,
Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,
For such appear the petals when detachd,
Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,
And like snow not seen through, by eye or sun :
Yet every one her gown received from me
Was fairer than the first. I thought not so,
But so she praised them to reward my care.
I said, " You find the largest."

" This indeed,"

Cried she, " is large and sweet." She held one forth,
Whether for me to look at or to take
She knew not, nor did I ; but taking it
Would best have solved (and this she felt) her doubt.
I dared not touch it ; for it seemed a part
Of her own self ; fresh, full, the most mature
Of blossoms, yet a blossom ; with a touch
To fall, and yet unfallen. She drew back
The boon she tendered, and then, finding not
The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,
Dropt it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

LANDOR.

The Pet-name.

—— the name
Which from THEIR lips seemed a caress.

MISS MITTFORD'S "Dramatic Scenes."

I.

I HAVE a name, a little name,
Uncadenced for the ear,
Unhonoured by ancestral claim,
Unsanctified by prayer and psalm,
The solemn font anear.

II.

It never did, to pages wove
For gay romance, belong,
It never dedicate did move
As "Sacharissa," unto love—
"Orinda," unto song.

III.

Though I write books, it will be read
Upon the leaves of none,
And afterward, when I am dead,
Will ne'er be graved for sight or tread,
Across my funeral stone.

IV.

This name, whoever chance to call,
Perhaps your smile may win!
Nay do not smile! mine eyelids fall
Over mine eyes, and feel withal
The sudden tears within.

V.

Is there a leaf that greenly grows
Where summer meadows bloom,
But gathereth the winter snows,
And changeth to the hue of those,
If lasting till they come?

VI.

Is there a word, or jest, or game,
But time encrusteth round
With sad associate thoughts the same?
And so to me my very name
Assumes a mournful sound.

VII.

My brother gave that name to me
When we were children twain;
When names acquired baptismally
Were hard to utter, as to see
That life had any pain.

VIII.

No shade was on us then, save one
Of chesnuts from the hill—
And through the wood our laugh did run
As part thereof! The mirth being done,
He calls me by it still.

IX.

Nay, do not smile! I hear in it
What none of you can hear!
The talk upon the willow seat,
The bird and wind that did repeat
Around, our human cheer.

X.

I hear the birth-day's noisy bliss,
My sisters' woodland glee,—
My father's praise I did not miss,
When stooping down he cared to kiss
The poet at his knee.

XI.

And voices, which to name me, aye
Their tenderest tones were keeping!—
To some I never more can say
An answer, till God wipes away
In heaven, these drops of weeping.

XII.

My name to me a sadness wears;
No murmurs cross my mind:
Now God be thanked for these thick tears,
Which show, of those departed years,
Sweet memories left behind!

• XIII.

Now God be thanked for years enwrought
With love which softens yet!
Now God be thanked for every thought
Which is so tender, it hath caught
Earth's guerdon of regret!

XIV.

The earth may sadden, not remove,
Our love divinely given ;
And e'en that mortal grief shall prove
The immortality of love,
And lead us nearer Heaven.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Music.

HARK ! Music speaks from out the woods and streams ;
Amidst the winds, amidst the harmonious rain :
It fills the voice with sweets, the eye with beams ;
It stirs the heart ; it charms the sting from pain.

Great Memory hoards it 'midst her golden themes ;
The wise man keeps it with his learned gain ;
The minstrel hears it in his listening dreams ;
And no one, save the fool, doth deem it vain.

Whatever thing doth bring a joy unstained
Unto the soul, if rightly understood,
Is one more ingot to our fortune gained,
Is wisdom to the wise, good to the good.

“ Sing then, divine one ! ”—Thus a lover sighed
To one who sate beside him fair and young,
Preluding with coquettish conscious pride,
And checked the half-born music on her tongue.

Sing, maiden,—gentle maiden !
Sing for me, sing to me ;
With a heart not overladen,
Nor too full of glee.
Give thy voice its way divine ;
Let thine eyes, sweet spirits, shine ;
Not too bright but also tender,
Softness stealing half their splendour.
Sing,—but touch a sadder strain,
Till our eyes are hid in rain.
Tell of those whose hopes are wrecked
On that cruel strand,—neglect ;
Widow poor and unbefriended ;
Virgin dreams in ruin ended ;
All the pleasure, all the pain
That hideth from the world's disdain.

Sing,—an airier, blither measure,
Full and overflown with pleasure ;
Sing,—with smiles and dimpling mouth,
Opening like the sunny South,
When it breathes amongst the roses,
And a thousand thousand sweets discloses.

Sing, fair child of music, sing
Like love—hope—sorrow—any-thing ;
Like a sparkling murmuring river,
Running its blue race for ever ;
Like the sounds that haunt the Sun,
When the god's bright day is done ;
Like the voice of dreaming Night,
Tender, touching, airy, light ;

Not a wind, but just a breeze
Moving in the citron trees ;
Like the first sweet murmur creeping
O'er Love's lips (when pride is sleeping),
Love's first forgotten word,
By maiden in the silence heard,
Heard, hoarded, and repeated oft,
In mimic whisper, low and soft,—
Yet what matter for the strain,
Be it joy, or be it pain,
So thy now imprisoned Voice,
In its matchless strength rejoice ;
So it burst its fetters strong,
And soar forth on winged Song.

BARRY CORNWALL.

To the Evening Wind.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou
That coolst the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow ;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea !
Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight ;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind at night ;

And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth, into the gathering shade ; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth !
Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast :
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly blows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.
The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee ; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep ;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.
Go,—but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more ;
Sweet odours in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore ;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

A red, red Rose.

O MY luve 's like a red, red rose,
That 's newly sprung in June ;
O my luve 's like the melodie
That 's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I ;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel a while !
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

BURNS.

To the Nightingale.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon blooming spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

MILTON.

Sonnet.

THRICE happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal Love :
O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful do, the evil approve !
O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed, which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath !
How sweet are streams, to poison drunk in gold !
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights ;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

Song.

Go, lovely Rose !
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that 's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired :
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die ! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

The Sabbath Bells.

THE cheerful sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion: chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall *sudden* on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse or high have chanced to lure
Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
And baffles his pursuit—thought-sick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wishes for society again.
Him thus engaged, the sabbath bells salute
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ears drink in
The cheering music; his relenting soul
Yearns after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human kind.

CHARLES LAMB.

The Song of the Shirt!

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the “Song of the Shirt.”

“Work—work—work!
While the cock is crowing aloof:
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof,
It’s Oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

“Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam;
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

“ O ! men, with sisters dear !
O ! men, with mothers and wives !
It is not linen you 're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

“ But why do I talk of Death ?
That phantom of grisly bone ;
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh ! God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

“ Work—work—work !
My labour never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags.
That shattered roof, and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
A wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

“ Work—work—work !
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime !

Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

“ Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

“ Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

“ Oh, but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny head
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread.”

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the rich !
She sang this “ Song of the Shirt.”

THOMAS HOOD.

Lines written in a Highland Glen.

To whom belongs this valley fair,
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
Even like a living Thing?
Silent—as infant at the breast—
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,
That streamlet's murmuring !

The heavens appear to love this vale ;
Here clouds with scarce-seen motion sail,
Or, mid the silence lie !
By that blue arch, this beauteous earth
Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth,
Seems bound unto the sky.

O! that this lovely vale were mine,
Then, from glad youth to calm decline,
 My years would gently glide ;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And memory's oft-returning gleams
 By peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of that gracious heaven,
 A piety sublime!
And thoughts would come of mystic mood,
To make in this deep solitude
 Eternity of Time!

And did I ask to whom belonged
'This vale? I feel that I have wronged
 Nature's most gracious soul!
She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
And all her children, from their birth,
 Are joint-heirs of the whole!

Yea, long as Nature's humblest child
Hath kept her temple undefiled
 By sinful sacrifice ;
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,
He is a monarch, and his throne
 Is built amid the skies!

PROFESSOR WILSON.

Chorus from Hellas.

" — he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

TENNYSOK.

THE world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn :
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far ;
A new Peneus rolls its fountains
Against the morning-star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize ;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

O write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be !
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free :
Although a subtler sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime ;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued :
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears, and symbol flowers.

O cease ! must hate and death return ?
Cease ! must men kill and die ?
Cease ! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
O might it die or rest at last !

SHELLEY.

The School-Mistress,

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

Alas me ! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies ;
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise ;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise :
Lend me thy clarion, Goddess ! let me try
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies ;
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we School-mistress name ;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame ;
They grieven sore in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame ;
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stowe ;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow

And work the simple vassals mickle woe ;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low ;
And as they looked they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden placed ;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast ;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast ;
Sad servitude ! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste !
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display ;
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray ;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day !
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray ;
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield :
Her apron dyed in grain, is blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field :

And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled,
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenned, in semblance meet pourtrayed
The childish faces of old Eol's train ;
Libs, Notus, Auster : these in frowns arrayed,
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein ?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deemed the cell,
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown ;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air ;
'T was simple russet, but it was her own ;
T was her own country bred the flock so fair !
'T was her own labour did the fleece prepare ;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare ;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear ;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;

Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear :
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honoured eld with these revere ;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came ;
Such favour did her past deportment claim ;
And if neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same ;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew ;
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak ;
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of grey renown within those borders grew :
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue :
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb ;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around ;
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue ;
And plaintain ribbed, that heals the reaper's wound ;

And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie found ;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crowned
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edged with gold its glittering skirts appear.
Oh wassail days ! Oh customs meet and well !
Ere this was banished from its lofty sphere :
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more withthane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete,
If winter 't were, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat :
Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And passed much time in truly virtuous deed ;
And, in those elfins' ears, would oft deplore
The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed ;

And tortuous death was true devotion's meed ;
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That n'ould on wooden image place her creed ;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn ;
Ah ! dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,
In which when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed,
The matron sate ; and some with rank she graced,
(The source of children's and of courtier's pride !)
Redressed affronts, (for vile affronts there passed ;)
And warned them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise ;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise ;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays :
Even absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways ;
Forewarned, if little bird their pranks behold,
'T will whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command !
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair ;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,

To save from finger wet the letters fair :
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare ;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod,—unpleasing sight, I ween !

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write !
As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sighed as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight !
And down they drop ; Appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry-coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthless scene ! when from a nook obscure
His little sister doth his peril see :
All playful as she sate, she grows demure ;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ;
She meditates a prayer to set him free :
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree,)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command ;
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.

On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear !
(Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow ;
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?
Or what device his loud laments explain ?
The form uncouth of his disguised face ?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?
The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain ?
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain ;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,
Attend and con their tasks with mickle care :
By turns, astonied, every twig survey,
And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware ;
Knowing, I wis, how each the same may share ;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair,
Whence oft with sugared cates she doth them greet,
And gingerbread y-rare, now, certes, doubly sweet.

See to their seats they hie with merry glee ;
And in beseemly order sitten there ;
All but the wight of skin y-galled, he
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and form, and chair ;

(This hand in mouth y-fixed, that rends his hair ;)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting, does declare
His grievous wrong ; his dame's unjust behest ;
And scorns her offered love, and shuns to be caressed.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face that seems a purple flower,
Which low to earth its dropping head declines,
All smeared and sullied by a vernal shower.
O ! the hard bosoms of despotic power !
All, all but she, the author of his shame,
All, all but she, regret this mournful hour :
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower, shall claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff ! pines ;
Ne for his fellows' joyance careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns ;
And deems it shame if he to peace inclines ;
And many a sullen look askance is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs ;
And still the more to pleasure him she 's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past resent.

Ah me ! how much I fear lest pride it be !
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires :

Ah! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's generous heat;
The firm fixed breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul, more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flowery false deceit.

Yet, nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Even now, sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, (if bard may e'er be so,)
As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, censuring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid fate incline,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield;
And many a poet quit the Aonian field;
And, soured by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrilled
Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is here!"

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,
And liberty unbars her prison-door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque han covered o'er

With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar ;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes, I implore !
For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers ;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid ;
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies' bowers.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing !
But most in courts where proud ambition towers ;
Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kaiser or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear !
These rudely carol most incondite lay ;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way ;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay ;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play ;
Thilk to the huxter's savoury cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been ;
Apples with cabbage-net y-covered o'er,
Galling full sore the unmoneyed wight, are seen ;

And gooseb'rie clad in livery red or green ;
And here of lovely dye, the catherine pear,
Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice, I ween :
O, may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care !

See ! Cherries here, ere Cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies tied,
Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
With pampered look draw little eyes aside,
And must be bought, though penury betide.
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown,
And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honoured names th' inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.

Admired Salopia, that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Famed for her loyal cares in perils tried,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave :
Ah ! midst the rest may flowers adorn his grave,
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display !
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray ;
Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on the way.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

Morning Hymn.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitst above these heavens
To us invisible or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works, yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power Divine:
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing, ye in Heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end,
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crownst the smiling Morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climbst,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fallst;
Moon that now meetst the orient sun, now fliest
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wandering fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.

Air, and ye elements the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls, ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise ;
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

Sonnet.

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flower, which she had nursed in dew,
Anemones that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion, and corrosive care,
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring;
Ah! why has happiness no second Spring?

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

FROM

The Passionate Pilgrim.

ON a day (alack the day !)
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air :
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wished himself the heaven's breath.
" Air," quoth he, " thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so !
But alas ! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet ;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee ;
Thou for whom ev'n Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were ;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love."

SHAKSPEARE.

Dirge.

O DIG a grave, and dig it deep
Where I and my true love may sleep!—
 We 'll dig a grave, and dig it deep,
 Where thou and thy true love shall sleep!

And let it be five fathom low,
Where winter winds may never blow!—
 And it shall be five fathom low,
 Where winter winds shall never blow!

And let it be on yonder hill,
Where grows the mountain daffodil!—
 And it shall be on yonder hill,
 Where grows the mountain daffodil!

And plant it round with holy briers,
To fright away the fairy fires!—
 We 'll plant it round with holy briers,
 To fright away the fairy fires!

And set it round with celandine,
And nodding heads of columbine!—
 We 'll set it round with celandine,
 And nodding heads of columbine!

And let the ruddock build his nest
Just above my true love's breast!—
 The ruddock he shall build his nest
 Just above thy true love's breast!

And warble his sweet wintry song
O'er our dwelling all day long!—
And he shall warble his sweet song,
O'er your dwelling all day long!

Now, tender friends, my garments take,
And lay me out for Jesus' sake!—
And we will now thy garments take,
And lay thee out for Jesus' sake!

And lay me by my true love's side,
That I may be a faithful bride!—
We'll lay thee by thy true love's side,
That thou mayst be a faithful bride!

When I am dead, and buried be,
Pray to God in heaven for me!—
Now thou art dead we'll bury thee,
And pray to God in heaven for thee!
—Benedicite!

WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE.

An Apology

FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

THEY that never had the use
Of the grape's surprising juice,
To the first delicious cup
All their reason render up;

Neither do, nor care to know
Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to love inclined,
Swayed by chance, not choice, or art,
To the first that 's fair or kind,
Make a present of their heart :
It is not she that first we love
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that as in th' evening made,
Stars gave the first delight,
Admiring in the gloomy shade
Those little drops of light :
Then at Aurora, whose fair hand
Removed them from the skies,
He gazing toward the east did stand,
She entertained his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,
All those he 'gan despise ;
His wonder was determined there,
And could no higher rise.
He neither might nor wished to know
A more refulgent light :
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Employed his utmost sight.

WALLER.

The Nameless Mountain Stream.

I.

Up from the shore of the placid lake
Wherein thou tumblest, murmuring low,
Over the meadow and through the brake,
And over the moor where the rushes grow,
I 've traced thy course, thou gentle brook :—
I 've seen thy life in all thy moods ;
I 've seen thee lingering in the nook
Of the shady, fragrant, pine-tree woods ;
I 've seen thee starting and leaping down
The smooth high rocks and boulders brown ;
I 've tracked thee upwards, upwards still,
From the spot where the lonely birch-tree stands,
Low adown amid shingle and sands,
Over the brow of the ferny hill,
Over the moorland, purple dyed,
Over the rifts of granite grey,
Up to thy source on the mountain side,
Far away—oh, far away.

II.

Beautiful stream ! By rock and dell,
There 's not an inch in all thy course
I have not tracked. I know thee well ;
I know where blossoms the yellow gorse,

I know where waves the pale blue-bell,
And where the hidden violets dwell.
I know where the foxglove rears its head,
And where the heather tufts are spread ;
I know where the meadow-sweets exhale,
And the white valerians load the gale.
I know the spot the bees love best,
And where the linnet has built her nest.
I know the bushes the grouse frequent,
And the nooks where the shy deer browse the bent.
I know each tree to thy fountain head—
The lady-birches, slim and fair :
The feathery larch, the rowans red,
The brambles trailing their tangled hair.
And each is linked to my waking thought
By some remembrance fancy-fraught.

III.

I know the pools where the trout are found,
The happy trout, untouched by me.
I know the basins, smooth and round,
Worn by thy ceaseless industry,
Out of the hard and stubborn stone—
Fair clear basins where nymphs might float ;
And where in the noon-time all alone
The brisk bold robin cleans his coat.
I know thy voice : I 've heard thee sing
Many a soft and plaintive tune,
Like a lover's song in life's young spring,
Or Endymion's to the moon.
I 've heard it deepen to a roar

When thou wert swollen by Autumn rains,
And rushed from the hill-tops to the plains,
A loud and passionate orator.
I 've spoken to thee—and thou to me—
At morn, or noon, or closing night!
And ever the voice of thy minstrelsy
Has been companion of delight.

IV.

Yet, lovely stream, unknown to fame,
Thou hast oozed, and flowed, and leaped, and run,
Ever since Time its course begun,
Without a record, without a name.
I asked the shepherd on the hill—
He knew thee but as a common rill ;
I asked the farmers' blue-eyed daughter—
She knew thee but as a running water ;
I asked the boatman on the shore,
He was never asked to tell before—
Thou wert a brook, and nothing more.

V.

Yet, stream, so dear to me alone,
I prize and cherish thee none the less
That thou flowest unseen, unpraised, unknown,
In the unfrequented wilderness.
Though none admire and lay to heart
How good and beautiful thou art,
Thy flowerets bloom, thy waters run,
And the free birds chant thy benison.

Beauty is beauty, though unseen ;
And those who live it all their days,
Find meet reward in their soul serene,
And the inner voice of prayer and praise.

VI.

Like thee, fair streamlet, undefiled,
Many a human virtue dwells,
Unknown of men in the distant dells,
Or hides in the coverts of the wild.
Many a mind of richest worth,
Whether of high or of low estate,
Illumes the by-ways of the earth,
Unseen, but good ; unknown, but great.
Many a happy and lovely soul
Lives beauty in the fields afar,
Or, 'mid the city's human shoal,
Shines like a solitary star.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Know ye the Fair One.

Know ye the fair one whom I love ?
High is her white and holy brow ;
Her looks so saintly, sweet, and pure,
Make men adore who come to woo ;
Her neck, o'er which her tresses hing,
Is snow beneath a raven's wing.

Her lips are like the red-rose bud,
Dew-parted in a morn of June ;
Her voice is gentler than the sound
Of some far heard and heavenly tune ;
Her little finger, white and round,
Can make a hundred hearts to bound.

My love's two eyes are bonnie stars,
Born to adorn the summer skies ;
And I will by our tryste-thorn sit,
To watch them at their evening rise :
That when they shine on tower and tree,
Their heavenly light may fall on me.

Come, starry Eve, demure and gray,
Now is the hour when maidens woo,
Come shake o'er wood, and bank, and brae
Thy tresses moist with balmy dew :
Thy dew ne'er dropt on flower or tree,
So lovely or so sweet as she.

The laverock's bosom shone with dew,
Beside us on the lilied lea ;
She sung her mate down from the cloud
To warble by my love and me ;
Nor from her young ones sought to move,
For well she saw our looks were love.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The Character of a Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will !
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood ;
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat :
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend :
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book, or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall :
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Forgiveness.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong :
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
One summer Sabbath-day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial place ;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level—and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave !

WHITTIER.

Song—To Celia.

DRINK to me, only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I 'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sentst it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

BEN JONSON.

Address to Light.

HAIL holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born,
Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from Eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hearst thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God as with a mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I re-visit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisitst not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,

Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt,
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Mœonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather, thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

MILTON.

Spring Showers.

THE north-east spends his rage ; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether, but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingled deep
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom :
Not such as wintry-storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope, and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem, through delusive lapse,
Forgetful of their course. 'T is silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait th' approaching sign to strike at once

Into the general choir. E'en mountains, vales,
And forests, seem impatient to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers on Nature's ample lap?
Swift Fancy fired anticipates their growth,
And, while the milky nutritive distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-showered earth
Is deep enriched with vegetable life,
Till in the western sky the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amidst the flush
Of broken clouds gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
The illumined mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,

Mixed in wild concert, with the warbling brooks
 Increased, the distant bleatings of the hills,
 And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
 Whence blending all, the sweetened zephyr springs.
 Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense, and every hue unfolds,
 In fair proportion running from the red,
 To where the violet fades into the sky.

THOMSON.

Elegy,

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

The lady here celebrated, is said to have been a woman of eminent rank and large fortune. She was under the guardianship of an uncle, who, upon discovering her attachment to a young gentleman of inferior fortune, sent her abroad, to break off the correspondence. Her lover, however, took care to repeat his vows; but his letters were intercepted, and carried to her guardian, who directed her to be watched with still greater vigilance; till of this restraint she grew so impatient, that she bribed a servant to procure her a sword, which she directed to her heart.

What beckoning Ghost, along the moonlight shade,
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
 'T is she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored,
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
 Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
 Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?

To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye powers ! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 't is true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage;
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And close confined to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky,
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warmed the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates ;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way)
“Lo! these were they, whose souls the furies steeled,
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.”
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne’er learned to glow
For others’ good, or melt at others’ woe.

What can atone (oh, ever injured shade !)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend’s complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear;
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o’er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast;
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;

While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy relics made.

So, peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
E'en he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

Pope.

To Blossoms.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past;
But you may stay yet here awhile;
To blush and gently smile;
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight;
And so to bid good-night?
'T was pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you awhile: They glide
Into the grave.

HERRICK.

The Posie.

O LOVE will venture in where it daurna weel be seen,
O love will venture in where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove, amang the fields sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling of the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear—
For she 's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer:
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I 'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it 's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue :
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I 'll place the lily there ;
The daisy 's for simplicity and unaffected air :
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day ;
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak' away :
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the evening star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear ;
The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear :
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I 'll tie the posie round wi' the silken bands o' luve,
And I 'll place it in her breast, and I 'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove :
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

BURNS.

Autumn Woods.

Ere, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of Autumn, all around our vale
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold,
In their wide sweep, the coloured landscape round
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendours glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet southwest, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,—
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet;
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The valleys sick with heat?

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays ; the forest depths are bright ;
Their sunny-coloured foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, Autumn ! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad,—
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,—
And leave thee wild and sad.

Ah ! 't were a lot too blessed
For ever in thy coloured shades to stray ;
Amid the kisses of the soft southwest
To rove and dream for aye ;

And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

BRYANT.

Eve to Adam.

WITH thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and their change, all please alike,
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild, then silent Night
With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train :
But neither breath of Morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising Sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower
Glistening with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night
With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering Star-light without thee is sweet.

MILTON.

FROM

The Passionate Pilgrim.

Crabbed age and youth
 Cannot live together ;
Youth is full of pleasance,
 Age is full of care :
Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather :
Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short ;
 Youth is nimble, age is lame ;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold ;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee ;
 O, my love, my love is young ;
Age, I do defy thee ;
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stayest too long.

SHAKSPEARE.

Each and All.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee, from the hill-top looking down ;
And the heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm ;
The sexton tolling the bell at noon,
Dreams not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lifts with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height ;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent :
All are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough ;
I brought him home in his nest at even ;—
He sings the song, but it pleases not now ;
For I did not bring home the river and sky ;
He sang to my ear ; they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore ;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave ;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me ;
I wiped away the weeds and foam,

And fetched my sea-born treasures home ;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white quire ;
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage,—
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, ' I covet Truth ;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat,—
I leave it behind with the gems of youth.'
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs ;
I inhaled the violet's breath ;
Around me stood the oaks and firs ;
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground ;
Above me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and deity ;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird ;—
Beauty through my senses stole,
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

EMERSON.

Song.

HENCE, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly !
There 's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
 But only melancholy ;
 Oh, sweetest melancholy !

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies—
A look that 's fastened to the ground—
A tongue chained up, without a sound !

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves !
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls !
 A midnight bell—a parting groan !
 These are the sounds we feed upon ;
Then stretch our bones in a still, gloomy valley ;
Nothing 's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

L' Allegro.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings ;
There, under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore ;
Or whether (as some Sages sing)
The frolick wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity.

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee
In unreprieved pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Chearly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill :
Sometime walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,

Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the plowman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his sithe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landskip round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat,
She was pincht, and pulled, she said,
And he by friar's lantern led
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn,
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights, and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize

Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry;
With mask, and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves, by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Il Penseroso.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred !
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys ?
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue ;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended :
Yet thou art higher far descended,
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore ;

His daughter she, in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain :
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes ;
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing :
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation ;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,

In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustomed oak :
Sweet bird, that shunnest the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heavens' wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud,
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off Curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar :
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere

The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
And of those Demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as warbled to the string
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass ;
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride :
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear,
Not trickt and frount as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,

Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light;
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

MILTON.

Ode.

Written in the year 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
He there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there !

COLLINS.

The Swallow.

Foolish prater! what dost thou
So early at my window do
With thy tuneless serenade?
Well it had been had Tereus made
Thee as drunk as Philomel;
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiscovered nest
Thou dost all the winter rest,
And dreamest o'er thy summer joys
Free from the stormy season's noise;
Free from th' ill thou 'st done to me;
Who disturbs or seeks out thee?
Hadst thou all the charming notes
Of the woods' poetic throats,
All thy art could never pay
What thou 'st ta'en from me away.
Cruel bird! thou 'st ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day;
A dream that ne'er must equalled be
By all that waking eyes may see:
Thou this damage to repair,
Nothing half so sweet or fair,
Nothing half so good canst bring,
Though men say thou bringst the Spring.

COWLEY.

Ode to the Cuckoo.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear ;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wandering through the wood,
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

Oh could I fly, I 'd fly with thee!
We 'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

LOGAN.

Stanzas.

THEY are all gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which the hill is dressed,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days,
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope, and high humility,
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and ye have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the just !
Shining no where but in the dark !
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep !

HENRY VAUGHAN.

The Twa Sisters.

THERE were twa sisters lived in a bouir ;
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
The youngest o' them, O, she was a flour !
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

There came a squire frae the west ;
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
He lo'ed them baith, but the youngest best ;
 By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He gied the eldest a gay gold ring ;
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing.

He courted the eldest wi' broach and knife ;
But he lo'ed the youngest as his life.

The eldest she was vexed sair,
And sore envied her sister fair.

And it fell ance upon a day,
The eldest to the youngest did say :

“ O, sister, come to the sea strand,
And see our father's ships come to land.”

She's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And led her doun to the sea strand.

The youngest sat upon a stane ;
The eldest came and threw her in.

“ Oh, sister, sister, lend me your hand,
And you shall be heir of half my land.

“ O, sister I 'll not reach my hand,
And I 'll be heir of all your land.

Shame fa' the hand that I should take !
It twinned me and my world's maik.

Your cherry cheeks and yellow hair
Had gared me gang maiden evermair.”

"Oh, sister, reach me but your glove,
And you shall be sweet William's love."

"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove;
And sweet William shall better be my love."

First she sank, and syne she swam,
Until she cam to Tweed mill-dam.

The miller's dauchter was baking breid,
And gaed for water as she had need.

"O father, father, in our mill-dam,
There's either a ladye or a milk-white swan."

The miller quickly drew his dam,
And there he found a drowned woman.

You couldna see her yellow hair,
For gowd and pearls that were sae rare.

You couldna see her middle sma',
Her gowden girdle was sae braw.

You couldna see her lilie feet,
Her gowden fringes were sae deep.

You couldna see her fingers sma',
Wi' diamond rings they were covered a'.

"Sair will they be, whae'er they be,
The hearts that live to weep for thee!"

Then by there cam a harper fine,
That harped to the king at dine.

And, when he looked that lady on,
He sighed, and made a heavy moan

He has taen three locks o' her yellow hair,
And wi' them strung his harp sae fair.

And he brought the harp to her father's hall,
And there the court was assembled all.

He laid this harp upon a stone,
And straight it began to play alone.

"O yonder sits my father, the king!
And yonder sits my mother, the queen!

"And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
And by him my William sweet and true!"

But the last time that the harp played then,
Binnorie, O Binnorie,
Was, "Woe to my sister, false Helen!"
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

CHAMBERS'S SCOTTISH BALLADS.

Helvellyn.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was the spot 'mid the brown meadow heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh! was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him—
Unhonoured the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall :
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming,
In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming,
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam

And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

SCOTT.

Complaint of being Pestered by Bad Poets.

FROM THE EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigued I said,
Tie up the knocker, say I 'm sick, I 'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay, 't is past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide.
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me;
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk fore-doomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?

Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damned works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song,)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I 'm sped;
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I?
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility; I read
With honest anguish and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

"Nine years!" cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Obliged by hunger,—and request of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it;
"I'm all submission; what you 'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me : " You know his Grace ;
" I want a patron ; ask him for a place."
Pitholeon libelled me—" but here 's a letter
" Informs you, Sir, 't was when he knew no better.
" Dare you refuse him ? Curll invites to dine ;
" He 'll write a journal, or he 'll turn divine."

Bless me ! a packet.—" 'T is a stranger sues,
" A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."
If I dislike it, " furies, death, and rage !"
If I approve, " commend it to the stage."
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fired that the house reject him, " 'S death I 'll print it,
" And shame the fools—your interest, Sir, with Lintot."
" Lintot, dull rogue ! will think your price too much :"
" Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks :
At last he whispers, " Do, and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
" Sir, let me see your works and you no more."

POPE.

The Spring.

Now that the winter 's gone, the earth has lost
Her snow-white robes : and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream :

But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender ; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow ; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the humble bee.—
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring,
In triumph to the world, the youthful Spring :
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.
Now all things smile—only my love doth lour :
Nor hath the scalding noon-day sun the power
To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold
Her heart congealed, and makes her pity cold.
The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields ; and love no more is made
By the fireside : but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
Under a sycamore, and all things keep
Time with the season—only she doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

CAREW.

Fuller's Bird.

" I HAVE read of a bird, which hath a face like, and yet will prey upon, a man ; who coming to the water to drink, and finding there by reflection that he hath killed one like himself, pineth away by degrees, and never afterwards enjoyeth itself."—FULLER'S WORTHIES.

THE wild-winged creature, clad in gore ;
(His bloody human meal being o'er,)

Comes down to the water's brink :
'T is the first time he there hath gazed,
And straight he shrinks—alarmed—amazed,
And dares not drink.

"Have I till now," he sadly said,
"Preyed on my brother's blood, and made
His flesh my meal to-day?"
Once more he glances in the brook,
And once more sees his victim's look ;
Then turns away.

With such sharp pain as human hearts
May feel, the drooping thing departs
Unto the dark wild wood ;
And there, 'midst briars and sheltering weeds,
He hideth his remorse, and feeds
No more on blood.

And in that weedy brake he lies,
And pines, and pines, until he dies ;
And when all 's o'er,—
What follows?—Nought! his brothers slake
Their thirst in blood in that same brake,
Fierce as before!

So Fable flows!—But would you find
Its moral wrought in human kind,
Its tale made worse ;
Turn straight to *Man*, and in his fame
And forehead read "*The Harpy's*" name ;
But no remorse!

BARRY CORNWALL.

Drachenfels.

LINES ADDRESSED BY LORD BYRON TO HIS SISTER.

I.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

II.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;

But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

III.

I send the lilies given to me ;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such ;
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou beholdest them drooping nigh,
And knowst them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine !

IV.

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round ;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here ;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

BYRON.—[From "Childe Harold," canto iii.]

The Spanish Lady's Lobe.

WILL you hear a Spanish lady
How she wooed an English man?
Garments gay as rich as may be
Decked with jewels she had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie;
Cupid's bands did tie them faster
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in anything she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
Then said this lady mild, "Full woe is me!
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

"Gallant captain, show some pity
To a lady in distress;
Leave me not within this city,
For to die in heaviness:

Thou has set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee."

"How shouldst thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou knowst thy country's foe?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee:
Serpents lie where flowers grow."

"All the harm I wish to thee, most courteous knight,
God grant the same upon my head may fully light.

"Blessed be the time and season
That you came to Spanish ground;
If our foes you may be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city you have won our hearts each one;
Then to your country bear away, that is your own."

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there is plenty,
Spain doth yield a wondrous store."
"Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,
But Englishmen through all the world are counted kind.

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard;
You alone enjoy my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest."

“ It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence ;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence.”

“ I ’ll quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page I ’ll follow thee where’er thou go.”

“ I have neither gold or silver
To maintain thee in this case ;
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place.”

“ My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,
And eke five hundred pounds in gold that lies unknown.”

“ On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes.”

“ Well, in troth, I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.”

“ Courteous lady, leave this fancy ;
Here comes all that breeds the strife ;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife :
I will not falsify my vow for gold or gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain.”

“ Oh ! how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend !

Many happy days God send her !

Of my suit I make an end :
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first commence.

“ Commend me to thy lovely lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold.
And these bracelets for a token,
Grieving that I was so bold :
All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, and not for me.

“ I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defy ;
In a nunnery will I shroud me
Far from any company :
But, ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee, and for thy love, I will not miss.

“ Thus farewell, most gallant captain,
Farewell too my heart's content !
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent :
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee !”
“ The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie.”

O were my Love yon Lilac fair.

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring ;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing ;

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude !
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.

“ O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa' !

“ Oh, there beyond expression blessed,
I 'd feast on beauty a' the night ;
Sealed on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa by Phœbus' light.”*

BURNS.

* The first two stanzas are Burns's. The last two are a fragment contained in Witherspoon's collection of Scots songs.

Endymion.

The rising moon has hid the stars ;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought ;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes, the beautiful, the free,
'The crown of all humanity,—
In silence and alone,
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him, who slumbering lies.

O, weary hearts ! O, slumbering eyes !
O, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again !

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utter desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as if, with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings ;
And whispers, in its song,
“ Where hast thou stayed so long ? ”

LONGFELLOW.

Eden.

EDEN, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied ; and overhead up grew

Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and Pine, and Fir, and branching Palm,
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise upsprung :
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once a golden hue
Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixt :
On which the sun more glad impressed his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath showered the earth ; so lovely seemed
That landscape. And of pure now purer air
Meets his * approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair : now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambique, off at sea North-east winds blow
Sabæan odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest, with such delay
Well pleased their course, and many a league
Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.

MILTON.

* Satan's.

Mariana.

"Mariana in the moated grange."—MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

I.

WITH blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all :
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden-wall.
The broken sheds looked sad and strange :
Unlifted was the clinking latch ;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, " My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead."

II.

Her tears fell with the dews at even ;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried ;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,

And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

III.

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow:
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

IV.

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blackened waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The clustered marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark:
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

V.

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

VI.

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creaked;
The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about.
Old faces glimmered through the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

VII.

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound

Her sense ; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
Then, said she, " I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said ;
She wept, " I am aweary, aweary,
Oh God, that I were dead !"

TENNYSON.

Sonnet.

O TIME ! who knowest a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest unperceived away ;
On Thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while :—
Yet ah ! how much must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure !

W. L. BOWLES.

Grongar Hill.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye !
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man ;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings ;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale ;
Come, with all thy various dues,
Come and aid thy sister Muse ;
Now, while Phœbus riding high
Gives lustre to the land and sky !
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong ;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells ;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head ;
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,

From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal :
The mountains round, unhappy fate !
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise :
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below !
No clouds, no vapours intervene ;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature show,
In all the hues of Heaven's bow !
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around, beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies !
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires !
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads !

Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes :
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond, the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below ;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps :
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'T is now the raven's bleak abode ;
'T is now th' apartment of the toad ;
And there the fox securely feeds ;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds ;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,

Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state ;
But transient is the smile of fate !
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep !
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought ;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view !
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low ;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky !
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower ;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,

Where the evening gilds the tide ;
How close and small the hedges lie !
What streaks of meadows cross the eye !
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem ;
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glass ;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear ;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see ;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid ;
For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul :
'T is thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, e'en now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie ;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;
While the waters murmur deep ;
While the shepherd charms his sheep ;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, e'en now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain ye seek the domes of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, close allied,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still
Within the groves of Grongar Hill

DYER.

To Constantia

SINGING.

THUS to be lost, and thus to sink and die,
Perchance were death indeed!—Constantia, turn!
In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie,
Even though the sounds which were thy voice, which burn
Between thy lips, are laid to sleep;
Within thy breath, and on thy hair, like odour it is yet,
And from thy touch like fire doth leap.
Even while I write, my burning cheeks are wet,
Alas, that the torn heart can bleed, but not forget!

A breathless awe, like the swift change
Unseen but felt in youthful slumbers,
Wild, sweet, but uncommunicably strange,
Thou breathest now in fast ascending numbers.
The cope of heaven seems rent and cloven
By the enchantment of thy strain,
And on my shoulders wings are woven,
To follow its sublime career,
Beyond the mighty moons that wane
Upon the verge of nature's utmost sphere,
Till the world's shadowy walls are past and disappear.

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul—it lingers,
O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings,
The blood and life within those snowy fingers
Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.
My brain is wild, my breath comes quick—
The blood is listening in my frame,
And thronging shadows, fast and thick,
Fall on my overflowing eyes;
My heart is quivering like a flame;
As morning dew, that in the sunbeam dies,
I am dissolved in these consuming ecstacies.

I have no life, Constantia, now, but thee,
Whilst, like the world-surrounding air, thy song
Flows on, and fills all things with melody.—
Now is thy voice a tempest swift and strong,
On which, like one in trance upborne,
Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,

Rejoicing like a cloud of morn ;
Now 't is the breath of summer night,
Which, when the starry waters sleep,
Round western isles, with incense-blossoms bright,
Lingering, suspends my soul in its voluptuous flight.

SHELLEY.

Song.

FROM ARCADES.

O'ER the smooth enamelled green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing,
And touch the warbled string,
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof.
Follow me,
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendour, as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

MILTON.

Sonnet lib.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which Truth doth give !
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses ;
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses ;
But, for their virtue only is their shew,
They live unwooded, and unrespected fade ;
Die to themselves : sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made ;
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade my verse distils your truth.

SHAKSPEARE.

Power and Gentleness.

I 've thought, at gentle and ungentle hour,
Of many an act and giant shape of power !
Of the old kings with high exacting looks,
Sceptered and globed ; of eagles on their rocks,
With straining feet, and that fierce mouth and drear,
Answering the strain with downward drag austere ;
Of the rich-headed lion, whose huge frown
All his great nature, gathering, seems to crown ;
Of towers on hills, with foreheads out of sight
In clouds, or shown us by the thunder's light,
Or ghastly prison, that eternally
Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea ;
And of all sunless, subterranean deeps
The creature makes, who listens while he sleeps,
Avarice ; and then of those old earthly cones,
That stride, they say, over heroic bones ;
And those stone heaps Egyptian, whose small doors
Look like low dens under precipitous shores ;
And him, great Memnon, that long sitting by
In seeming idleness, with stony eye,
Sang at the morning's touch, like poetry ;
And then of all the fierce and bitter fruit
Of the proud planting of a tyrannous foot,—
Of bruised rights, and flourishing bad men,
And virtue wasting heavenwards from a den ;

Brute force, and fury ; and the devilish drouth
Of the fool cannon's ever-gaping mouth ;
And the bride-widowing sword ; and the harsh bray
The sneering trumpet sends across the fray ;
And all which lights the people-thinning star
That selfishness invokes,—the horsed war,
Panting along with many a bloody mane.

I 've thought of all this pride, and all this pain,
And all the insolent plenitudes of power,
And I declare, by this most quiet hour,
Which holds in different tasks by the fire-light
Me and my friends here, this delightful night,
That Power itself has not one half the might
Of Gentleness. 'T is want to all true wealth ;
The uneasy madman's force, to the wise health ;
Blind downward beating, to the eyes that see ;
Noise to persuasion, doubt to certainty ;
The consciousness of strength in enemies,
Who must be strained upon, or else they rise ;
The battle, to the moon, who all the while,
High out of hearing, passes with her smile ;
The tempest, trampling in his scanty run,
To the whole globe, that basks about the sun ;
Or as all shrieks and clangs, with which a sphere,
Undone and fired, could rake the midnight ear,
Compared with that vast dumbness nature keeps
Throughout her starry deeps,
Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken,
Which tells a tale of peace beyond whate'er was spoken.

LEIGH HUNT.

Bridal Song.

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,

But in their hue ;

Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true ;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim ;

Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark-heels trim ;

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense !

Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence !

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chattering pie,
May on our bridehouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly !

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

The Character of a Good Parson.

MODERNIZED FROM CHAUCER.

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train ;
 An awful, reverend, and religious man,
 His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
 And charity itself was in his face.
 Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor
 (As God hath clothed his own ambassador ;)
 For such on earth, his blessed Redeemer bore.
 Of sixty years he seemed ; and well might last
 To sixty more, but that he lived too fast ;
 Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense,
 And made almost a sin of abstinence.
 Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
 But such a face as promised him sincere.
 Nothing reserved or sullen was to see :
 But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity :
 Mild was his accent, and his action free.
 With eloquence innate his tongue was armed ;
 Though harsh the precept, yet the people charmed
 For, letting down the golden chain from high,
 He drew his audience upward to the sky :
 And oft with holy hymns he charmed their ears
 (A music more melodious than the spheres :)

For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre ; and after him he sung the best.
He bore his great commission in his look ;
But sweetly tempered awe ; and softened all he spoke.
He preached the joys of heaven, and pains of hell,
And warned the sinner with becoming zeal ;
But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law ;
And forced himself to drive ; but loved to draw.
For fear but freezes minds : but love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.
To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapped in his crimes, against the storm prepared ;
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly ;
Those but proclaim his style, and disappear ;
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.

The tithes his parish freely paid he took,
But never sued, or cursed with bell or book.
With patience bearing wrong ; but offering none ;
Since every man is free to love his own.
The country churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind,)
The less he sought his offerings, pinched the more,
And praised a priest contented to be poor.

Yet of his little he had some to spare,
To feed the famished, and to clothe the bare,
For mortified he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he would not see.

True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
Were only stewards of their sovereign Lord ;
Nothing was theirs ; but all the public store ;
Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor ;
Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
He judged himself accomplice with the thief.

Wide was his parish ; not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house ;
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick, to succour the distressed :
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.

All this the good old man performed alone,
Nor spared his pains ; for curate he had none,
Nor durst he trust another with his care ;
Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold.
But duly watched his flock, by night and day ;
And from the prowling wolf redeemed the prey ;
And hungry sent the wily fox away.

* * * * *

In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To show you what the rest in orders were :
This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light.

DRYDEN.

The Winter Walk at Noon.

THE night was winter in his roughest mood,
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale,
And through the trees I view the embattled tower
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk still verdant under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though moveable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed.
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,

That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence.

* * * * *

Where now the vital energy that moved,
While summer was, the pure and subtile lymph
Through the imperceptible meandering veins
Of leaf and flower? It sleeps; and th' icy touch
Of unprolific winter has impressed
A cold stagnation on the intestine tide.
But let the months go round, a few short months,
And all shall be restored. These naked shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.
Then, each in its peculiar honours clad
Shall publish even to the distant eye
Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich
In streaming gold; syringa, ivory pure;
The scentless and the scented rose; this red
And of an humbler growth, the other tall,
And throwing up into the darkest gloom
Of neighbouring cypress or more sable yew
Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf
That the wind severs from the broken wave;
The lilac, various in array, now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved

Which hue she most approved, she chose them all ;
Copious of flowers the woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks
With never-cloying odours, early and late ;
Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm
Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,
That scarce a leaf appears ; mezereon too,
Though leafless, well attired and thick beset
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray ;
Althæa with the purple eye ; the broom,
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloyed,
Her blossoms ; and luxuriant above all
The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep dark green of whose unvarnished leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more
The bright profusion of her scattered stars.

COWPER. [From "The Task."]

Autumn in Scotland.

FROM "THE CHILD OF THE ISLANDS."

BROWN Autumn cometh, with her liberal hand
Binding the harvest in a thousand sheaves ;
A yellow glory brightens o'er the land,
Shines on thatched corners and low cottage-eaves,
And gilds with cheerful light the fading leaves :

Beautiful, even here, on hill and dale ;
More lovely yet, where Scotland's soil receives
The varied rays her wooded mountains hail,
With hues to which our faint and soberer tints are pale.

For there the scarlet rowan seems to mock
The red sea coral-berries, leaves, and all ;
Light swinging from the moist green shining rock
Which beds the foaming torrent's turbid fall ;
And there the purple cedar, grandly tall,
Lifts its crowned head and sun-illumined stem ;
And larch (soft drooping like a maiden's pall)
Bends o'er the lake, that seems a sapphire gem
Dropt from the hoary hill's gigantic diadem.

And far and wide the glorious heather blooms,
Its regal mantle o'er the mountains spread ;
 wooing the bee with honey-sweet perfumes,
By many a viewless wild flower richly shed ;
Up-springing 'neath the glad exulting tread
Of eager climbers, light of heart and limb ;
Or yielding, soft, a fresh elastic bed,
When evening shadows gather, faint and dim,
And sun-forsaken crags grow old, and gaunt, and grim.

Oh, Land ! first seen when life lay all unknown,
Like an unvisited country o'er the wave,
Which now my travelled heart looks back upon,
Making each sunny path, each gloomy cave,
With here a memory, and there a grave :—

Land of romance and beauty ; noble land
Of Bruce and Wallace ; land where, vainly brave,
Ill-fated Stuart made his final stand,
Ere yet the shivered sword fell hopeless from his hand.

I love you ! I remember you ! though years
Have fled o'er the hills my spirit knew,
Whose wild uncultured heights the plough forbears,
Whose broomy hollows glisten in the dew.
Still shines the calm light with as rich a hue
Along the wooded valleys stretched below ?
Still gleams my lone lake's unforgotten blue ?
Oh, land ! although unseen, how well I know
The glory of your face in this autumnal glow !

I know your deep glens, where the eagles cry ;
I know the freshness of your mountain breeze,
Your brooklets, gurgling downward ceaselessly,
The singing of your birds among the trees,
Mingling confused a thousand melodies !
I know the lone rest of your birchen bowers,
Where the soft murmur of the working bees
Goes droning past, with scent of heather flowers,
And lulls the heart to dream even in its waking hours.

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Character of Addison.

WERE there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease :
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged ;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause ;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he !

POPE. [From the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot."]

To the Willow Tree.

THOU art to all lost love the best,
The only true plant found,
Wherewith young men and maids distrest,
And left of love, are crowned.

When once the lover's rose is dead,
Or laid aside forlorn ;
Then willow-garlands, 'bout the head,
Bedewed with tears, are worn.

When with neglect, the lover's bane,
Poor maids rewarded be,
For their love lost ; their only gain
Is but a wreath from thee.

And underneath thy cooling shade,
When weary of the light,
The love-spent youth, and love-sick maid,
Come to weep out the night.

HERRICK.

Ae Fond Kiss.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae farewell, alas ! for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him ?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
Dark despair around benights me.

I 'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy :
But to see her was to love her ;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae farewell, alas ! for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.

BURNS.

Lord Ronald's Child.

THREE days ago Lord Ronald's child
Was singing o'er the mountain-wild,
Among the sunny showers
That brought the rainbow to her sight,
And bathed her footsteps in the light
Of purple heather-flowers.
But chilly came the evening's breath—
The silent dew was cold with death—
She reached her home with pain ;
And from the bed where now she lies,
With snow-white face and closed eyes,
She ne'er must rise again.

Still is she as a frame of stone,
That in its beauty lies alone,
With silence breathing from its face,
For ever in some holy place !
Chapel or aisle ! on marble laid—
With pale hands o'er its pale breast spread—
An image humble, meek, and low,
Of one forgotten long ago !

Soft feet are winding up the stair—
And lo ! a vision passing fair !
All dressed in white—a mournful show—
A band of orphan children come,

With footsteps like the falling snow,
To bear to her eternal home
The gracious Lady who looked down
With smiles on their forlorn estate—
But mercy up to heaven is gone
And left the friendless to their fate.

They pluck the honeysuckle's bloom,
That through the window fills the room
With mournful odours—and the rose
That in its innocent beauty glows,
Leaning its dewy golden head
Towards the pale face of the dead,
Weeping like a thing forsaken
Unto eyes that will not waken.

All bathed in pity's gentle showers
They place these melancholy flowers
Upon the cold white breast!
And there they lie! profoundly calm!
Ere long to fill with fading balm
A place of deeper rest!

By that fair band the bier is borne
Into the open light of morn,—
And, till the parting dirge be said,
Upon a spot of sunshine laid
Beneath a grove of trees!
Bowed and uncovered every head,
Bright-tressed youth, and hoary age—
Then suddenly before the dead
Lord Ronald's gathered vassalage
Fell down upon their knees!

Glen-Etive and its mountains lie
All silent as the depth profound
Of that unclouded sunbright sky—
Low heard the melancholy sound
Of waters murmuring by.
Glides softly from the orphan-band
A weeping child, and takes her stand
Close to the Lady's feet,
Then wildly sings a funeral hymn !
With overflowing eyes and dim,
Fixed on the winding -sheet !

H Y M N .

O beautiful the streams
That through our valleys run,
Singing and dancing in the gleams
Of summer's cloudless sun.

The sweetest of them all
From its fairy banks is gone ;
And the music of the waterfall
Hath left the silent stone !

Up among the mountains
In soft and mossy cell,
By the silent springs and fountains
The happy wild-flowers dwell.

The queen-rose of the wilderness
Hath withered in the wind,
And the shepherds see no loveliness
In the blossoms left behind.

Birds cheer our lonely groves
With many a beauteous wing—
When happy in their harmless loves
How tenderly they sing.

O'er all the rest was heard
One mild and mournful strain,
But hushed is the voice of that hymning bird,
She ne'er must sing again !

Bright through the yew-trees' gloom,
I saw a sleeping dove !
On the silence of her silvery plume,
The sunlight lay in love.

The grove seemed all her own
Round the beauty of that breast—
But the startled dove afar is flown !
Forsaken is her nest !

In yonder forest wide
A flock of wild-deer lies,
Beauty breathes o'er each tender side
And shades their peaceful eyes !

The hunter in the night
Hath singled out the doe,
In whose light the mountain-flock lay bright,
Whose hue was like the snow !

A thousand stars shine forth,
With pure and dewy ray—
Till by night the mountains of our north
Seem gladdening in the day.

O empty all the heaven !
Though a thousand lights be there—
For clouds o'er the evening star are driven,
And shorn her golden hair !

That melancholy music dies—
And all at once the kneeling crowd
Is stirred with groans, and sobs, and sighs—
As sudden blasts come rustling loud
Along the silent skies.
—Hush ! hush ! the dirge doth breathe again !
The youngest of the orphan train
Walks up unto the bier,
With rosy cheeks, and smiling eyes,
As heaven's unclouded radiance clear,
And there like Hope to Sorrow's strain
With dewy voice replies.

—What ! though the stream be dead,
Its banks all still and dry !
It murmureth now o'er a lovelier bed
In the air-groves of the sky.

What ! though our prayers from death
The queen-rose might not save !
With brighter bloom and balmier breath
She springeth from the grave.

What ! though our bird of light
Lie mute with plumage dim !
In heaven I see her glancing bright—
I hear her angel hymn.

What! though the dark tree smile
 No more—with our dove's calm sleep!
 She folds her wing on a sunny isle
 In heaven's untroubled deep.

True that our beauteous doe
 Hath left her still retreat—
 But purer now in heavenly snow
 She lies at Jesus' feet.

O star! untimely set!
 Why should we weep for thee!
 Thy bright and dewy coronet
 Is rising o'er the sea!

PROFESSOR WILSON.

Paradise.

BLISSFUL Paradise

Of God the garden was, by him in the East
 Of Eden planted; Eden stretched her line
 From Auran eastward to the royal towers
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings
 Or where the sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in Telassar: In this pleasant soil
 His far more pleasant garden God ordained;
 Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste:
 And all amid them stood the tree of life,

High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold ; and next to life
Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Passed underneath ingulphed ; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden-mould high raised
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Watered the garden ; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account ;
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrowned the noon-tide bowers : thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view ;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,

Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste :
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
 Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
 Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose :
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
 Down the slope hills, disperst, or, in a lake
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
 The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
 Led on th' eternal Spring.

MILTON.

To Mary.

AUTUMN OF 1793.

THE twentieth year is well nigh past,
 Since first our sky was overcast;
 Ah would that this might be the last!

My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow ;—
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary !

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary !

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary !

But well thou playdest the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary !

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream ;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary !

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see ?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign ;
Yet gently prest, press gently mine,

My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now, at every step, thou movest
Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest,

My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,

My Mary!

But ah ! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,

My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,

My Mary!

COWPER.

On the Death of his Mistress.

SITH gone is my delight and only pleasure,
The last of all my hopes, the cheerful sun
That cleared my life's dark sphere, nature's sweet treasure,
More dear to me than all beneath the moon,

What resteth now, but that upon this mountain
I weep, till heaven transform me to a fountain?

Fresh, fair, delicious, crystal, pearly fountain,
On whose smooth face to look she oft took pleasure,
Tell me (so may thy streams long cheer this mountain
So serpent ne'er thee stain, nor scorch thee sun,
So may with watery beams thee kiss the moon,)
Dost thou not mourn to want so fair a treasure?

While she here gazed on thee, rich Tagus' treasure
Thou needest not envy, nor yet the fountain
In which the hunter saw that naked moon,
Absence hath robbed thee of thy wealth and pleasure,
And I remain like marigold, of sun
Deprived, that dies by shadow of some mountain.

Nymphs of the forests, nymphs who on this mountain
Are wont to dance, showing your beauty's treasure
To goat-feet Sylvans and the wondering sun,
When as you gather flowers about this fountain,
Bid her farewell, who placed here her pleasure,
And sing her praises to the stars and moon.

Among the lesser lights as is the moon,
Blushing through muffling clouds on Latmos' mountain,
Or when she views her silver locks for pleasure,
In Thetis' streams, proud of so gay a treasure,
Such was my fair when she sat by this fountain,
With other nymphs to shun the amorous sun.

As is our earth in absence of the sun,
Or when of sun deprived is the moon,

As is without a verdant shade a fountain,
Or wanting grass, a mead, a vale, a mountain ;
Such is my state, bereft of my dear treasure,
To know whose only worth was all my pleasure.

Ne'er think of pleasure, heart—eyes, shun the sun,
Tears be your treasure, which the wandering moon
Shall see you shed by mountain, vale, and fountain.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade ;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
Ah, fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,

As waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthal?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is their's — by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Their's buxom health of rosy hue,

Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively cheer of vigour born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play !
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day :
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train !
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murderous band !
Ah, tell them they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind ;
Or pining love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.

The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo ! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen :
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,
Condemned alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate ?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise :
No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise.

GRAY.

Dirge in Cymbeline.

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.
No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.
No withered witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew ;
The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.
When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell ;
Or midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.
Each lovely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Beloved, till life can charm no more ;
And mourned, till pity's self be dead.

The Old Familiar Faces.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women ;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man ;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

The Nightingale.

A CONVERSATION POEM. APRIL, 1798.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge !
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring : it flows silently,
On its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night ! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark ! the Nightingale begins its song,
“ Most musical, most melancholy ” bird !
A melancholy bird ! Oh ! idle thought !
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so, poor wretch ! filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow) he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain.

And many a poet echoes the conceit ;
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretched his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By sun or moon light, to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful ! so his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality,
A venerable thing ! and so his song
Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like Nature ! But 't will not be so ;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My Friend, and thou, our Sister ! we have learnt
A different lore ; we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance ! 'T is the merry Nightingale
'That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music !

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not ; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,

And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass, and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's song,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical, and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such a harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moon-lit bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half-disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle maid,

Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a Lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
That gentle Maid! and oft a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps! And she hath watched

Many a Nightingale perched giddily
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song,
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O Warbler! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again!
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's play-mate. He knows well
The evening-star! and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream)
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the moon, and hushed at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropped tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam! Well!—
It is a father's tale: But if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy.—Once more, farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! Once more, my friends! farewell.

COLERIDGE.

To a Mouse,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH,

NOVEMBER, 1784.

WEE, sleekit, cowerin', timorous beastie,
 Oh! what a panic 's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickerin' brattle:
 I wad be laith to rin' an' chase thee,
 Wi' murderin' pattle.

I 'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou mayst thieve,
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A daimen-icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request:
 I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,
 And never miss 't:

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin:
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin';

An' naething, now, to big a new ane
O' foggage green ;
An' bleak December's blast ensuin',
Baith snell and keen.

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast,
An' weary winter comin' fast ;
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble :
Now thou 's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
But bouse or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld.

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain :
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee :
But, och ! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear ;
An' forward, though I canna see,
I guess, an' fear.

BURNS.

The Builders.

All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low,
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these,
Leave no yawning gaps between:
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods are every where.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;

Make the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time ;
Broken stair-ways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base,
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

LONGFELLOW.

A Garden in Spring.

The finished garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its valleys green
Snatched through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Distracted wanders : now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthened gloom, protracted sweeps ;
Now meets the bended sky ; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,

Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
But why so far excursive? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose; violet, darkly blue;
And polyanthus, of unnumbered dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stained with iron brown,
And lavish stock, that scents the garden round;
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones; auriculas, enriched
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffused
To family, as flies the father dust,
The varied colours run, and while they break
On the charmed eye, th' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks;
Nor, showered from every bush, the damask rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Sonnet.

TO THE MOON.

Queen of the silver bow! by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think, fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest;
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Released by death, to thy benignant sphere,
And the sad children of despair and woe
Forget in thee their cup of sorrow here.
Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Sonnet lxxi.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell;
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if, I say, you look upon this verse,
When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay:
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

SHAKSPEARE.

Sonnet.

COME, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
Tho poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low ;
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw ;
O make in me those civil wars to cease :
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me sweet pillows, sweetest bed ;
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light ;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, STELLA's image see.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Hines

WRITTEN IN PASSING THROUGH VALE CRUCIS, IN OCTOBER,

1806.

VALE of the cross, the shepherds tell
'T is sweet within thy woods to dwell !
For there are sainted shadows seen
That frequent haunt thy dewy green ;
In wandering winds the dirge is sung,
The convent bell by spirits rung,
And matin hymns and vesper prayer
Break softly on the tranquil air !

Vale of the cross, the shepherds tell
'T is sweet within thy woods to dwell !
For Peace hath there her spotless throne,
And pleasures to the world unknown ;
The murmur of the distant rills,
The sabbath silence of the hills,
And all the quiet God hath given
Without the golden gates of heaven !

WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE.

Song

OF THE SHEPHERDS, IN PRAISE OF PAN.

SING his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep ;
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
While the hollow neighbouring ground
Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, oh, great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing:
Thou that keepst us chaste and free,
As the young spring,
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the morn is broke,
To that place day doth unyoke !

FLETCHER.

The Triumph of Charis.

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth !
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty ;
And enamoured, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth !
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth !
Do but mark, her forehead 's smother
Than words that soothe her :
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it ?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow,
Before the soil hath smutched it ?

Have you felt the wool of the beaver ?
Or swan's down ever ?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the briar ?
Or the nard in the fire ?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?
O so white ! O so soft ! O so sweet is she !

BEN JONSON.

To my Mother.

AND canst thou, MOTHER, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink ?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink,
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought !—where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home ;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

KIRKE WHITE.

Ode on Solitude.

WRITTEN WHEN HE WAS TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground :

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest who can unconcernedly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease,
Together mixed ; sweet recreation ;
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
Thus unlamented let me die ;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

Sonnet.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, this three years day these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear,
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, Friend, to have lost them overplied
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side. .
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain masque,
 Content though blind, had I no better guide.

MILTON.

Fancy.

EVER let the Fancy roam,
 Pleasure never is at home:
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;

Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her :
Open wide the mind's cage door,
She 'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming :
Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloy with tasting : What do then ?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sere faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night ;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon ;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commissioned, send her !
She has vassals to attend her :
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost ;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather ;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray ;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth :

She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it :—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear ;
Rustle of the reaped corn ;
Sweet birds antheming the morn ;
And, in the same moment—hark !
'T is the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold ;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst ;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid May ;
And every leaf and every flower
Pearled with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep ;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin ;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest ;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm ;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.
Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose ;
Every thing is spoilt by use :

Where 's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at? Where 's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new?
Where 's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? Where 's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where 's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft?
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let, then, winged Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind:
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
Ere the God of Torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide;
With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's, when her zone
Slipt its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet,
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash;
Quickly break her prison-string,
And such joys as these she 'll bring.—
Let the winged Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

KEATS.

The Procession of the Months.

THE Months all riding came ;
First sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent,
And armèd strongly, rode upon a ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam ;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
And filled her womb with fruitful hope of nourishment.

Next came fresh April, full of lustyhead,
And wanton as a kid whose horn new buds ;
Upon a bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through th' Argolick floods ;
His horns were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnishèd with garlands goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth, and wet he seemed in sight
With waves, through which he waded for his love's delight.

Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,
Decked all with dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around ;
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The Twins of Leda, which on either side
Supported her like to their sovereign queen ;
Lord ! how all creatures laughed when her they spied,
And leapt and danced as they had ravished been !
Cupid self about her fluttered all in green.

And after her came jolly June, arrayed
All in green leaves, as he a player were,
Yet in his time he wrought as well as played,
That by his plough-irons mote right well appear;
Upon a crab he rode, that him did bear
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,
And backward yode as bargemen wont to fare,
Bending their force contrary to their face;
Like that ungracious crew which feigns demurest grace.

Then came hot July, boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away;
Upon a lion raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obey;
It was the beast that whilome did foray
The Nemæan forest, till th' Amphytrionide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array;
Behind his back a scythe, and by his side,
Under his belt, he bore a sickle circling wide.

The sixth was August, being rich arrayed
In garment all of gold down to the ground;
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Maid
Forth by the lily hand, the which was crowned
With ears of corn, and full her hand was found;
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Lived here on earth, and plenty made abound,
But after wrong was loved and justice sold,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heaven extolled.

Next him September marched, eke on foot;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoil
Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot,

And him enriched with bounty of the soil;
In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toil,
He held a knife-hook, and in the other hand
A pair of weights, with which he did assoil
Both more and less, where it in doubt did stand,
And equal gave to each as justice duly scanned.

Then came October, full of merry glee,
For yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-vat's sea,
And of the joyous oil, whose gentle gust
Made him so frolic and so full of lust;
Upon a dreadful scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Diana's doom unjust
Slew great Orion; and, eke by his side
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tied.

Next was November; he full gross and fat,
As fed with lard, and that right well might seem,
For he had been a fattening hogs of late,
That yet his brows with sweat did reek and steam,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem;
In planting eke he took no small delight;
Whereon he rode, not easy was to deem,
For it a dreadful Centaur was in sight,
The seed of Centaur and fair Nais, Chiron hight.

And after him came next the chill December,
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember,
His Saviour's birth so much his mind did glad;
Upon a shaggy, bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years,

They say was nourished by th' Icean maid ;
And in his hand a broad deep bowl he bears,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peers.

Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds, to keep the cold away,
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blow his nails to warm them if he may,
For they were numbed with holding all the day
An hatchet keen, with which he fellèd wood,
And from the trees did lop the needless spray,
Upon an huge great Earth-pot steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowèd forth the Roman flood.

And lastly came old February, sitting
In an old waggon, for he could not ride,
Drawn of two fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slide
And swim away ; yet had he by his side
His plough and harness fit to till the ground,
And tools to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting prime did make them burgeon round.
So past the Twelve Months forth, and their due places found.

And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equal pace ;
Th' one on a palfrey black, the other white ;
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a black veil, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,
And sleep and darkness round about did trace ;
But Day did bear upon his sceptre's height
The goodly sun, encompassed all with beamès bright.

Then came the Hours, fair daughters of high Jove
 And timely Night, the which were all endued
 With wondrous beauty, fit to kindle love ;
 But they were virgins all, and love eschewed,
 That might forslak the charge to them foreshewed
 By mighty Jove, who did them porters make
 Of heaven's gate, (whence all the gods issued)
 Which they did daily watch and nightly wake
 By even turns, nor ever did their charge forsake.

And after all came Life, and lastly Death ;
 Death with most grim and grisly visage seen,
 Yet is he nought but parting of the breath,
 Ne ought to see, but like a shade to ween,
 Unbodièd, unsouled, unheard, unseen ;
 But Life was like a fair young lusty boy,
 Such as they feign Dan Cupid to have been,
 Full of delightful health and lively joy,
 Decked all with flowers, and wings of gold fit to employ.

SPENSER.

Within and Without.

A LONDON LYRIC.

(WITHOUT.)

The winds are bitter ; the skies are wild ;
 From the roof comes plunging the drowning rain :
 Without,—in tatters, the world's poor child
 Sobbeth abroad her grief, her pain !

No one heareth her, no one heedeth her :
 But Hunger, her friend, with his bony hand,
 Grasps her throat, whispering huskily—
 “What dost *thou* in a Christian land?”

(WITHIN.)

The skies are wild, and the blast is cold ;
 Yet riot and luxury brawl within :
 Slaves are waiting, in crimson and gold,
 Waiting the nod of a child of sin.
 The fire is crackling, wine is bubbling
 Up in each glass to its beaded brim :
 The jesters are laughing, the parasites quaffing
 “Happiness,”—“honour,”—and all for *him* !

(WITHOUT.)

She who is slain in the winter weather,
 Ah ! she had once a village fame ;
 Listened to love on the moon-lit heather ;
 Had gentleness—vanity—maiden shame ;
Now, her allies are the Tempest howling ;
 Prodigal's curses ; self-disdain ;
 Poverty ; misery : Well,—no matter ;
 There is an end unto every pain !

The harlot's fame was her doom to-day,
 Disdain ; despair ; by to-morrow's light
 The ragged boards and the pauper's pall ;
 And so she'll be given to dusty night !
 . . . Without a tear or a human sigh,
 She 's gone,—poor life and its “fever” o'er !
 So, let her in calm oblivion lie ;
 While the world runs merry as heretofore !

(WITHIN.)

He who yon lordly feast enjoyeth,
He who doth rest on his couch of down,
He it was, who threw the forsaken
Under the feet of the trampling town :
Liar,—betrayed,—false as cruel,
What is the doom for his dastard sin ?
His peers, they scorn ? high dames, they shun him ?—
Unbar yon palace, and gaze within.
There,—yet his deeds are all trumpet-sounded,
There, upon silken seats recline
Maidens as fair as the summer morning,
Watching him rise from the sparkling wine.
Mothers all proffer their stainless daughters ;
Men of high honour salute him “ friend ; ”
Skies ! oh, where are your cleansing waters ?
World ! oh, where do thy wonders end ?

BARRY CORNWALL.

The Flower's Name.

I.

HERE 's the garden she walked across,
Arm in my arm, such a short while since :
Hark, now I push its wicket, the moss
Hinders the hinges and makes them wince !
She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,
As back with that murmur the wicket swung ;

For she laid the poor snail, my chance foot spurned,
To feed and forget it the leaves among.

II.

Down this side of the gravel-walk
She went while her robe's edge brushed the box:
And here she paused in her gracious talk
To point me a moth on the milk-white flox.
Roses, ranged in valiant row,
I will never think that she passed you by!
She loves you, noble roses, I know;
But yonder, see, where the rock-plants lie.

III.

This flower she stopped at, finger on lip,
Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim;
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,
Its soft meandering Spanish name.
What a name? was it love or praise?
Speech half-asleep, or song half-awake?
I must learn Spanish, one of these days,
Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

IV.

Roses, if I live and do well,
I may bring her one of these days,
To fix you fast with as fine a spell,
Fit you each with his Spanish phrase!
But do not detain me now; for she lingers
There, like sunshine over the ground,
And ever I see her soft white fingers
Searching after the bud she found.

V.

Flower, you Spaniard, look that you grow not,
 Stay as you are and be loved for ever !
 Bud, if I kiss you 't is that you blow not,
 Mind, the shut pink mouth opens never !
 For while thus it pouts, her fingers wrestle,
 Twinkling the audacious leaves between,
 Till round they turn and down they nestle—
 Is not the dear mark still to be seen ?

VI.

Where I find her not, beauties vanish ;
 Whither I follow her, beauties flee ;
 Is there no method to tell her in Spanish
 June's twice June since she breathed it with me ?
 Come, bud, show me the least of her traces,
 Treasure my lady's lightest foot-fall ;
 Ah, you may flout and turn up your faces—
 Roses, you are not so fair after all !

ROBERT BROWNING.

Ginebra.

IF thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
 To MODENA, where still religiously
 Among her ancient trophies is preserved
 BOLOGNA's bucket (in its chain it hangs
 Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine).
 Stop at a Palace near the Reggio-gate,
 Dwelt in of old by one of the ORSINI.

Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their arched walks,
Dim at noon-day, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song,
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring-time, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day.—A summer-sun
Sets ere one-half is seen; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house—prythee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'T is of a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by ZAMPIERI—but by whom I care not.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes, and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said 'Beware.' Her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,

An oaken-chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved, by ANTONY of Trent,
With scripture-stories from the Life of Christ ;
A chest that came from VENICE, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor,
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture ; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child ; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him ?
The young GINEVRA was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight ;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, FRANCESCO DORIA,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue,
But now the day was come, the day, the hour ;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum ;
And in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to FRANCESCO.

Great was the joy ; but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found ! Her father cried,
'T is but to make a trial of our love !'
And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'T was but that instant she had left FRANCESCO,

Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But, now, alas, she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
But that she was not! Weary of his life,
FRANCESCO flew to VENICE, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
ORSINI lived, and long mightst thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 't was said
By one as young, as thoughtless as GINEVRA,
'Why not remove it from its lurking-place?'
'T was done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
'GINEVRA.'—There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever!

Sonnet.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide ;
“ Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?”
I fondly ask : But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “ God doth not need
“ Either man’s work or his own gifts ; who best
“ Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state
“ Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
“ And post o’er land and ocean without rest ;
“ They also serve who only stand and wait.”

MILTON.

Thanatopsis.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language ; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart ;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around,—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears ;
Nor in the embrace of Ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go

To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish

Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun ; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning—and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet, the dead are there :
And millions in those solitudes, since first

The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BRYANT.

Recollections of the Arabian Nights.

I.

WHEN the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flowed back with me,
 The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer-morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

II.

Anight my shallop, rustling through
The low and bloomed foliage, drove
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove
The citron-shadows in the blue:
By garden porches on the brim,
The costly doors flung open wide,
Gold glittering through lamp-light dim,
And broidered sofas on each side:
 In sooth it was a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

III.

Often, where clear-stemmed platans guard
The outlet, did I turn away
The boat-head down a broad canal
From the main river sluiced, where all
The sloping of the moon-lit sward
Was damask-work, and deep inlay
Of braided blooms unmown, which crept
Adown to where the waters slept.

A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

IV.

A motion from the river won
Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
My shallop through the star-strown calm,
Until another night in night
I entered, from the clearer light,
Imbowered vaults of pillared palm,
Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb
Heavenward, were stayed beneath the dome
Of hollow boughs.—A goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

V.

Still onward; and the clear canal
Is rounded to as clear a lake.
From the green rivage many a fall
Of diamond rillels musical,
Through little crystal arches low,

Down from the central fountain's flow,
Fallen silver-chiming, seemed to shake
The sparkling flints beneath the prow.

A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

VI.

Above through many a bowery turn
A walk with vary-coloured shells
Wandered engrained. On either side
All round about the fragrant marge
From fluted vase, and brazen urn
In order, eastern flowers large,
Some dropping low their crimson bells
Half-closed, and others studded wide

With disks and tiars, fed the time
With odour, in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

VII.

Far off, and where the lemon-grove
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung ;
Not he: but something which possessed
The darkness of the world, delight,
Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
Ceasing not, mingled, unrepressed.

Apart from place, withholding time,
But flattering the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

VIII.

Black the garden-bowers and grots
Slumbered: the solemn palms were ranged
Above, unwooded of summer wind:
A sudden splendour from behind
Flushed all the leaves with rich gold-green,
And, flowing rapidly between
Their interspaces, counterchanged
The level lake with diamond-plots
Of dark and bright. A lovely time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

IX.

Dark-blue the deep sphere overhead,
Distinct with vivid stars inlaid,
Grew darker from that under-flame:
So, leaping lightly from the boat,
With silver anchor left afloat,
In marvel whence that glory came
Upon me, as in sleep I sank
In cool soft turf upon the bank,
Entranced with that place and time,
So worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

X.

Thence through the garden I was drawn—
A realm of pleasance, many a mound,
And many a shadow-chequered lawn
Full of the city's stilly sound,
And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round

The stately-cedar, tamarisks,
Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
 Graven with emblems of the time,
 In honour of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

XI.

With dazed vision unawares
From the long alley's latticed shade
Emerged, I came upon the great
Pavilion of the Caliphat.
Right to the carven cedarn doors,
Flung inward over spangled floors,
Broad-based flights of marble stairs
Ran up with golden balustrade,
 After the fashion of the time,
 And humour of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

XII.

The fourscore windows all alight
As with the quintessence of flame,
A million tapers flaring bright
From twisted silvers looked to shame
The hollow-vaulted dark, and streamed
Upon the mooned domes aloof
In inmost Bagdat, till there seemed
Hundreds of crescents on the roof
 Of night new-risen, that marvellous time,
 To celebrate the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

XIII.

Then stole I up, and trancedly
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
Serene with argent-lidded eyes
Amorous, and lashes like to rays
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
Tressed with redolent ebony,
In many a dark delicious curl,
Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone ;
 The sweetest lady of the time,
 Well worthy of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

XIV.

Six columns, three on either side,
Pure silver, underpropt a rich
Throne of the massive ore, from which
Down-drooped, in many a floating fold,
Engarlanded and diapered
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.
Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirred
With merriment of kingly pride,
 Sole star of all that place and time,
 I saw him—in his golden prime,
 THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID !

TENNYSON.

A Bard's Epitaph.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre fast for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
 Let him draw near ;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
 And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
 Oh ! pass not by ;
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
 Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
 Wild as the wave ;
Here pause—and through the starting tear
 Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And softer flame ;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stained his name.

Reader, attend — whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In dark pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control
 Is wisdom's root.

BURNS.

Song.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

SHAKSPEARE.

Phyllis.

IN petticoat of green,
Her hair about her een ;
Phyllis beneath an oak
Sat milking her fair flock :
'Mongst that sweet-strained moisture, (rare delight,)
Her hand seemed milk, in milk it was so white.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

Song.

FROM "THE MAID'S TRAGEDY."

LAY a garland on my hearse,
Of the dismal yew,
Maidens, willow branches bear ;
Say I dièd true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth !

BRAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

A Lament.

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
 Art thou come and gone ;
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
 I am left lone, lone.

The swallow Summer comes again,
The owl Night resumes her reign,
But the wild swan Youth is fain
 To fly with thee, false as thou.
My heart each day desires the morrow,
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow,
Vainly would my winter borrow
 Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead,
 Pansies let my flowers be ;
On the living grave I bear,
Scatter them without a tear,
Let no friend, however dear,
 Waste one hope, one fear for me

The Mind superior to the Body's Infirmities.

WHEN we for age could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to endite :
The soul, with nobler resolutions deckt,
The body stooping, does herself erect.
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her that, unbodied, can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er :
So calm are we when passions are no more !
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made :
Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

WALLER.

Sonnet,

TO THE RIVER OTTER.

DEAR native brook ! wild streamlet of the West !
How many various-fated years have past,
 What happy, and what mournful hours, since last
I skimmed the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
Numbering its light leaps ! yet so deep imprest
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes
 I never shut amid the sunny ray,
But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,
 Thy crossing plank, thy marge with willows gray,
And bedded sand that, veined with various dyes,
Gleamed through thy bright transparence ! On my way
 Visions of childhood ! oft have ye beguiled
Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs :
 Ah ! could I be once more a careless child !

COLERIDGE

On Shakspeare.

1630.

WHAT needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star y-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What needst thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

MILTON.

To T. L. H.,

SIX YEARS OLD, DURING A SICKNESS.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,
My little, patient boy ;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways ;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid ;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years !

Sorrows I 've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now ;
And calmly 'midst my dear ones
Have wasted with dry brow ;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness,—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father too ;
My light, where'er I go,
My bird, when prison-bound,
My hand in hand companion,—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say “ He has departed ”—
“ His voice ”—“ his face ”—is gone ;
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on ;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep ensure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he 's fixed, and sleeping !
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile :
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of Seraphim,
Who say, “ We 've finished here.”

LEIGH HUNT.

Song.

FROM "KING HENRY THE EIGHTH."

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung : as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart,
 Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

SHAKSPEARE.

On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture out of Norfolk,

THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANNE BODHAM.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 “Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!”
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalise,
 The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
 Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precepts were her own;
 And while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears, I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing Son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile !—it answers, Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived ;
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,

'T is now become a history little known,
 That once we called the pastoral house our own.
 Short-lived possession ! But the record fair,
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
 A thousand other themes, less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid,
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :
 All this, and, more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
 That humour interposed too often makes ;
 All this still legible in memory's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
 When playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I pricked them into paper with a pin,
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)
 Could those few pleasant days again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
 I would not trust my heart;—the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—

But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile;
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While air^s impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore,
“Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar;”
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed,
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
'That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents passed into the skies.

And now, farewell!—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;

And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

COWPER.

Never Despair.

The wisest of us all, when woe
Darkens our narrow path below,
Are childish to the last degree,
And think what is must always be.
It rains, and there is gloom around,
Slippery and sullen is the ground,
And slow the step; within our sight
Nothing is cheerful, nothing bright.
Meanwhile the sun on high, although
We will not think it can be so,
Is shining at this very hour
In all his glory, all his power;
And when the cloud is past, again
Will dry up every drop of rain.

LANDOR.

Elegy,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour ;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Oh! Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad ; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If 'chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“ Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
“ Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
“ To meet the sun upon the upland lawn :

“ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
“ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
“ His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
“ And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
“ Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
“ Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
“ Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“ One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
“ Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
“ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
“ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

“ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
“ Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
“ Approach and read, (for thou canst read) the lay,
“ Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear ;
He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

What the Voice said.

MADDENED by Earth's wrong and evil,
"Lord!" I cried in sudden ire,
"From thy right hand, clothed with thunder,
Shake the bolted fire!

"Love is lost, and Faith is dying;
With the brute the man is sold;
And the dropping blood of labour
Hardens into gold.

"Here the dying wail of Famine,
There the battle's groan of pain;
And, in silence, smooth-faced Mammon
Reaping men like grain.

"Where is God, that we should fear Him?
Thus the earth-born Titans say;
'God! if thou art living, hear us!'
Thus the weak ones pray.

"Thou, the patient Heaven upbraiding,"
Spake a solemn Voice within;
"Weary of our Lord's forbearance,
Art thou free from sin?"

“ Fearless brow to Him uplifting,
Canst thou for his thunders call,
Knowing that to guilt's attraction
Evermore they fall?

“ Knowst thou not all germs of evil
In thy heart await their time?
Not thyself, but God's restraining,
Stays their growth of crime.

“ Couldst thou boast, oh child of weakness!
O'er the sons of wrong and strife,
Were their strong temptations planted
In thy path of life?

“ Thou hast seen two streamlets gushing
From one fountain, clear and free,
But by widely varying channels
Searching for the sea.

“ Glideth one through greenest valleys,
Kissing them with lips still sweet,
One, mad roaring down the mountains,
Stagnates at their feet.

“ Is it choice whereby the Parsee
Kneels before his mother's fire?
In his black tent did the Tartar
Choose his wandering sire?

“ He alone, whose hand is bounding
Human power and human will,
Looking through each soul's surrounding,
Knows its good or ill.

“ For thyself, while wrong and sorrow
Make to thee their strong appeal,
Coward wert thou not to utter
What the heart must feel.

“ Earnest words must needs be spoken,
When the warm heart bleeds, or burns,
With its scorn of wrong, or pity
For the wronged, by turns.

“ But by all thy nature's weakness,
Hidden faults and follies known,
Be thou, in rebuking evil,
Conscious of thine own.

“ Not the less shall stern-eyed Duty
To thy lips her trumpet set,
But with harsher blasts shall mingle
Wailings of regret.”

Cease not, Voice of holy speaking,
Teacher sent of God, be near;
Whispering through the day's cool silence,
Let my spirit hear !

So, when thoughts of evil doers
Waken scorn or hatred move,
Shall a mournful fellow-feeling
Temper all with love.

WHITTIER.

The lovely Lass of Preston Mill.

THE lark had left the evening cloud,
The dew fell saft, the wind was lowne,
Its gentle breath amang the flowers
Scarce stirred the thistle's tap o' down ;
The dappled swallow left the pool,
The stars were blinking owre the hill,
As I met, amang the hawthorns green,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Her naked feet, amang the grass,
Shone like twa dew-gemmed lilies fair ;
Her brow shone comely 'mang her locks,
Dark curling owre her shoulders bare ;
Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth ;
Her lips had words and wit at will,
And heaven seemed looking through her een,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Quo' I, 'Sweet lass, will ye gang wi' me,
Where blackcocks craw, and plovers cry ?
Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,
Six vales are lowing wi' my kye :
I hae looked lang for a well-faur'd lass,
By Nithsdale's holmes an' monie a hill ;'—
She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Quo' I, 'Sweet maiden, look nae down,
But gie 's a kiss, and gang wi' me :'

A lovelier face, O ! never looked up,
And the tears were drapping frae her e'e :
' I hae a lad wha 's far awa',
That weel could win a woman's will ;
My heart's already fu' o' love,'
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

' Now wha is he wha could leave sic a lass,
To seek for love in a far countree ?' —
Her tears drapped down like simmer dew :
I fain wad kissed them frae her e'e.
I took but ane o' her comely cheek ;
' For pity's sake, kind Sir, be still !
My heart is fu' o' other love,'
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

She stretched to heaven her twa white hands,
And lifted up her watery e'e ;—
' Sae lang 's my heart kens aught o' God,
Or light is gladsome to my e'e—
While woods grow green, and burns rin clear,
Till my last drop o' blood be still—
My heart shall haud nae other love,'
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

There 's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,
And Nith's romantic vale is fu' ;
By lanely Cluden's hermit stream
Dwells monie a gentle dame, I trow !
O, they are lights of a gladsome kind,
As ever shone on vale or hill ;
But there 's a light puts them a' out,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Lycidas.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. EDWARD KING,
FELLOW OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

DROWNED IN HIS PASSAGE FROM CHESTER ON THE IRISH SEAS, 1637.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the feet of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,

And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill ;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eye-lids of the Morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute ;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long ;
And old Damætas loved to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return !
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worn to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows ;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,

Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream :
Ah me, I fondly dream !
Had ye been there — for what could that have done ?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. " But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears ;
" Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood :
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea,
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain ?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory :
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
“ Ah ! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge ? ”
Last came, and last did go
The pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake ;
“ How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
“ Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
“ Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold ?
“ Of other care they little reckoning make,

“Than how to scramble at the shearer’s feast,
“And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
“Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
“A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
“That to the faithful herdman’s art belongs!
“What recks it them? what need they? they are sped
“And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
“Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
“The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
“But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
“Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
“Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
“Daily devours apace, and nothing said:
“But that two-handed engine at the door
“Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.”

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,

And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me ! whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the welming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold ;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth :
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,

In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay ;
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

MILTON.

Epitaph

ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, SISTER TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

UNDERNEATH this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother ;
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learned and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

BEN JONSON.

The Passions.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions, oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings,

In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose,
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And with a withering look
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes each dreary pause between
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed
Sad proof of thy distressful state,
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes up-raised as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired,
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul.
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how altered was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue!
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew ;
Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known ;
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
He with viney crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest,
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,

Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best ;
They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay, fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Layst thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
As in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
Can well recal what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?
Arise, as in that olden time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'T is said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
E'en all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound

O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece,
 Return, in all thy simple state!
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

COLLINS.

The Cotter's Saturday Night.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.
 GRAY.

My loved, my honoured, much respected friend!
 No mercenary Bard his homage pays;
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed—a friend's esteem and praise:
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
 Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
 The shortening winter-day is near a close,
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
 The blackening trains o' craws to their repose:

The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
The expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through,
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
His wee-bit ingle blinkin' bonnilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out amang the farmers roun' ;
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town :
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeigned, brothers an' sisters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers ;
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet ;
Each tells the unco's that he sees or hears ;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
Anticipation forward points the view.

The mother, wi' her needle and her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel 's the new ;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command,
The youngers a' are warned to obey ;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play ;
" An' oh ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night !
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might ;
'They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright !"

But, hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;
With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ;
Weel pleased the mother hears, it 's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben ;
A strappan youth ; he taks the mother's eye ;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit 's no ill ta'en ;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, an' kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But, blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave ;
Weel pleased to think her bairn 's respected like the lave.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
 O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare ;
 I 've paced much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare :
 " If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?
 Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild ?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food ;
 The sowp their only hawkie does afford,
 That yont the hallan snugly chows her cood ;
 The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell,
 An' aft he 's pressed, an' aft he ca's it guid ;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 't was a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide,
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride ;

His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care ;
And " Let us worship God !" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name ;
Or noble *Elgin* beats the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame :
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
Or Moses, bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head ;
How his first followers and servants sped ;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;

How he who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
And heard great Bablon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
command.

Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope " springs exulting on triumphant wing,"*
That thus they all shall meet in future days ;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart !
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

For them and for their little ones provide ;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
" An honest man 's the noblest work of God !"
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blessed with health, and peace, and sweet content !
And O ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much loved Isle.

O Thou, who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart !
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
Oh, never, never, Scotia's realm desert ;
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

BURNS.

Song,

PERFORMED TO SOOTHE VALENTINIAN, WHO HAS BEEN POISONED.

CARE-CHARMING Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud,
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud,
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.
Into this prince, gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

FLETCHER.

To the Water Nymphs, drinking at the Fountain.

REACH, with your whiter hands, to me,
Some crystal of the spring;
And I, about the cup shall see
Fresh lilies flourishing.
Or else, sweet Nymphs, do you but this;
To the glass your lips incline;
And I shall see, by that one kiss,
The water turned to wine.

HERRICK.

Comus.

COMUS,—THE star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold,
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream,
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight shout, and revelry,
Tipsy dance, and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age and sour Severity
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.

The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move ;
 And on the tawny sands and shelves
 Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves.
 By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
 The Wood-Nymphs decked with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastime keep.

* * * *

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.

MILTON.—[From "Comus."]

The Shepherd's Life.

THRICE, oh, thrice happy shepherd's life and state,
 When courts are happiness, unhappy pawns !
 His cottage low, and safely humble gate,
 Shuts out proud Fortune, with her scorns and fawns ;
 No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep ;
 Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep ;
 Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Syrian worms he knows, that with their thread
 Draw out their silken lives :—nor silken pride :
 His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
 Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dyed :

No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
No begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first-salute my lord's uprise,
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes.
In country plays is all the strife he uses;
Or sing, or dance unto the rural Muses;
And but in music's sports all difference refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content:
The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noontide's rage is spent:
His life is neither tost in boisterous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease:
Pleased and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place:
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face.
Never his humble house or state torment him;
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him;
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb, content him.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

High Life.

'T is from high life high characters are drawn :
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn ;
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still ;
A gownman learned ; a bishop, what you will ;
Wise, if a minister ; but, if a king,
More wise, more learned, more just, more every thing.
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate :
In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Though the same sun with all-diffusive rays
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And justly set the gem above the flower.

POPE.—[From the " Epistle to Lord Cobham."]

Home Happiness.

HAPPY they ! the happiest of their kind !
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'T is not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love,
Where Friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire
Ineffable ; and sympathy of soul ;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence ; for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all !
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ?
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumined face ;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime, a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees
The human blossom blows, and every day,

Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
'The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All-various Nature pressing on the heart :
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love,
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy, and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads ;
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild,
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamoured more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep ;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

To the Queen,

ENTERTAINED AT NIGHT BY THE COUNTESS OF ANGLESEA.

FAIR as unshaded light ; or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May ;
Sweet, as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swelled by the early dew ;
Smooth as the face of waters first appeared,
Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard :
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
Than in their sleeps forgiven Hermits are :
You that are more than our discreeter fear
Dares praise with such full art, what make you here ?
Here, where the summer is so little seen,
That leaves (her cheapest wealth) scarce reach at green.
You come, as if the silver planet were
Misled awhile from her much injured sphere,
And t' ease the travails of her beams to-night,
In this small lanthorn would contract her light.

DAVENANT.

The Question.

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets ;
Faint oxlips ; tender blue bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower that wets
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cow-bind, and the moonlight-coloured May,
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day ;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray ;
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked with white,
And starry river buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light ;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it!—oh! to whom?

SHELLEY

To Henry Wriothesly,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

HE who hath never warred with misery,
Nor ever tugged with fortune and distress,
Hath had no occasion, nor no field to try
The strength and forces of his worthiness.
Those parts of judgment which felicity
Keeps as concealed, affliction must express ;

And only men show their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.

The world had never taken so full note
Of what thou art, hadst thou not been undone ;
And only thy affliction hath begot
More fame, than thy best fortunes could have done :
For ever by adversity are wrought
The greatest works of admiration ;
And all the fair examples of renown,
Out of distress and misery are grown.

Mutius the fire, the tortures Regulus,
Did make the miracles of faith and zeal :
Exile renowned and graced Rutilius,
Imprisonment and poison did reveal
The worth of Socrates. Fabricius'
Poverty did grace that commonweal,
More than all Sylla's riches got with strife ;
And Cato's death did vie with Cæsar's life.

Not to be unhappy is unhappiness,
And misery not to have known misery :
For the best way unto discretion is
The way that leads us by adversity.
And men are better showed what is amiss,
By the expert finger of calamity,
Than they can be with all that fortune brings,
Who never shows them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou couldst have endured
With a reposed cheer, wrong and disgrace ;
And with a heart and countenance assured,
Have looked stern death and horror in the face !

How should we know thy soul had been secured,
 In honest counsels, and in way unbase ;
 Hadst thou not stood to show us what thou wert,
 By thy affliction that descried thy heart !

It is not but the tempest that doth show
 The seaman's cunning—but the field that tries
 The captain's courage. And we come to know
 Best what men are, in their worst jeopardies.
 For lo ! how many have we seen to grow
 To high renown from lowest miseries,
 Out of the hands of death ? And many a one
 To 've been undone, had they not been ~~undone~~ ?

He ~~that~~ endures for what his conscience knows
 Not to be ill, doth from a patience high
 Look only on the cause whereto he owes
 Those sufferings, not on his misery :
 The more he endures, the more his glory grows ;
 Which never grows from imbecility :
 Only the best composed and worthiest hearts,
 God sets to act the hard'st and constant'st parts.

DANIEL.

Rejoice in May.

WHEN May is in his prime,
 Then may each heart rejoice ;
 When May bedecks each branch with green,
 Each bird strains forth his voice.

The lively sap creeps up
 Into the blooming thorn :
The flowers, which cold in prison kept,
 Now laugh the frost to scorn.

All Nature's imps triumph
 Whiles joyful May doth last ;
When May is gone, of all the year
 The pleasant time is past.

May makes the cheerful hue,
 May breeds and brings new blood,
May marcheth throughout every limb,
 May makes the merry mood.

May pricketh gentle hearts
 Their warbling notes to tune.
Full strange it is, yet some, we see,
 Do make their May in June.

Thus things are strangely wrought,
 Whiles joyful May doth last.
Take May in time : when May is gone,
 The pleasant time is past.

All ye that live on earth,
 And have your May at will,
Rejoice in May, as I do now,
 And use your May with skill.

Use May, while that you may,
 For May hath but his time ;
When all the fruit is gone, it is
 Too late the tree to climb.

Your liking and your lust
Is fresh whiles May doth last :
When May is gone, of all the year
The pleasant time is past.

EDWARDS.

Bring back the Chain.

It was an aged man, who stood
Beside the blue Atlantic sea ;
They cast his fetters by the flood,
And hailed the time-worn captive free !
From his indignant eye there flashed
A gleam his better nature gave,
And while his tyrants shrunk abashed,
Thus spoke the spirit-stricken slave :

“ Bring back the chain, whose weight so long
These tortured limbs have vainly borne ;
The word of Freedom from *your* tongue,
My weary ear rejects with scorn.
'T is true, there was—there *was* a time,
I sighed, I panted to be free ;
And, pining for my sunny clime,
Bowed down my stubborn knee.

“ *Then* I have stretched my yearning arms,
And shook in wrath my bitter chain ;
Then, when the magic word had charms,
I groaned for liberty in vain !

That freedom ye, at length bestow,
And bid me bless my envied fate :
Ye tell me I am free to go—
Where?—I am desolate !

“ The boundless hope—the spring of joy,
Felt when the spirit’s strength is young ;
Which slavery only can alloy,
The mockeries to which I clung,
The eyes, whose fond and sunny ray
Made life’s dull lamp less dimly burn,—
The tones I pined for, day by day,
Can ye bid them return ?

“ Bring back the chain ! its clanking sound
Hath then a power beyond your own ;
It brings young visions smiling round,
Too fondly loved—too early flown !
It brings me days, when these dim eyes
Gazed o’er the wild and swelling sea,
Counting how many suns must rise
Ere one might hail me free !

“ Bring back the chain ! that I may think
’T is *that* which weighs my spirit so :
And gazing on each galling link,
Dream as I dreamt, of bitter woe !
My days are gone ;—of hope, of youth,
These traces now alone remain ;
Hoarded with sorrow’s sacred truth,
Tears, and my iron chain !

“ Freedom ! though doomed in pain to live,
The freedom of the soul is mine ;
But all of slavery you could give
Around my steps must ever twine.
Raise up the head which age hath bent ;
Renew the hopes that childhood gave ;
Bid all return kind Heaven once lent,—
Till then — I am a Slave ! ”

HON. MRS. NORTON.

The Bower of Adam and Eve.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they passed
On to their blissful bower ; it was a place
Chosen by the sovran Planter when he framed
All things to Man's delightful use ; the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenced up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses and jessamine
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
Mosaic ; under foot the violet,
Crocus and hyacinth with rich inlay
Brodered the ground, more coloured than with stone
Of costliest emblem : other creature here
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none ;

Such was their awe of Man. In shady bower
More shady and sequestered, though but feigned,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph,
Nor Faunus hunted.

* * * * *

Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turned, and under open sky adored
The God that made both sky, earth, air, and heaven,
Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: Thou also madest the night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employed
Have finished, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordained by thee, and this delicious place,
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with thee extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure,
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
Handed they went.

MILTON.

An Angel in the House.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed,—as we shall know for ever.
Alas ! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths,—angels, that *are* to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air,—
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

LEIGH HUNT.

The Deformed Child.

AN angel prisoned in an infant frame
Of mortal sickness and deformity,
Looks patiently from out that languid eye,
Matured, and seeming large with pain. The name
Of "happy childhood" mocks his movements tame,
So propped with piteous crutch ; or forced to lie
Rather than sit, in its frail chair, and try
To taste the pleasure of the unshared game.
He does ; and faintly claps his withered hands
To see how brother Willie caught the ball ;
Kind brother Willie, strong yet gentle all :
'T was he that placed him, where his chair now stands,
In that warm corner 'gainst the sunny wall.—
God, in that brother, gave him more than lands.

VINCENT LEIGH HUNT.

Unfading Beauty.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires :
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

CAREW.

Corinna's going a-Maying.

Get up, get up, for shame; the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the God unshorn :
 See how Aurora throws her fair
 Fresh quilted colours through the air :
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
 The dew bespangling herb and tree :
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you not drest;
 Nay not so much as out of bed;
 When all the birds have matins said,
 And sung their thankful hymns: 't is sin,
 Nay, profanation to keep in;
When as a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.
Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth like the spring-time, fresh and green,
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care
 For jewels for your gown, or hair :
 Fear not, the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you :
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept :
 Come, and receive them, while the light
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
 And Titan on the eastern hill
 Retires himself, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying ;
Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
 Made green, and trimmed with trees : see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough,
 Or branch ; each porch, each door, ere this,
 An ark, a tabernacle is,

Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.

 Can such delights be in the street,
 And open fields, and we not see 't ?
 Come, we 'll abroad, and let 's obey
 The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done by staying ;
But, my Corinna, come, let 's go a-Maying !

There 's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up and gone to bring in May :

 A deal of youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with whitethorn laden home :
 Some have dispatched their cakes and cream,
 Before that we have left to dream.

And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :

 Many a green gown has been given ;
 Many a kiss, both odd and even ;
 Many a glance, too, has been sent
 From out the eye, love's firmament ;

Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked ; yet we 're not a-Maying !

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time :
 We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty :
 Our life is short, and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun :
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again ;
 So when or you or I are made
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let 's go a-Maying !

HERRICK.

Descent of the Angel Raphael to Earth.

So spake th' eternal Father, and fulfilled
All justice : nor delayed the winged Saint
After his charge received ; but from among
Thousand celestial ardors, where he stood
Veiled with his gorgeous wings, up springing light,
Flew through the midst of Heaven ; th' angelic choirs,
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all th' empyreal road ; till at the gate
Of Heaven arrived, the gate self-opened wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sovran Architect had framed.

From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interposed, however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,
Earth, and the garden of God, with cedars crowned,
Above all hills. As when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assured, observes
Imagined land and regions in the moon :
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appearing kens
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing.
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air ; till within soar
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems
A Phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole bird
When to enshrine his reliques in the sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise .
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A Seraph winged ; six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine ; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament ; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipt in Heaven ; the third his feet
Shadowed from either heel with feathered mail
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled
The circuit wide.

MILTON.

Sonnet cxi.

Those lips, that Love's own hands did make,
Breathed forth the sound that said, "I hate,"
To me that languished for her sake:
But when she saw my woful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet;
"I hate," she altered with an end,
That followed it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away;
"I hate," from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying—"not you."

SHAKSPEARE.

Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music.

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

'T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son :
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne :
His valiant peers were placed around ;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.
(So should desert in arms be crowned :)
The lovely Thais by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love.)
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia pressed :
 And while he sought her snowy breast :
 Then, round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
 The listening croud admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity, they shout around :
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
 The jolly god in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;
 Flushed with a purple grace
 He shews his honest face :
 Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes.
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise ;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse :
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood ;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed :
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below ;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree :
'T was but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying :
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying :
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
 The Prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again :
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again,
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head :
 As awaked from the dead,
 And amazed, he stares around.
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the furies arise :
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain :
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute ;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from the sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He raised a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down.

The Poor-House.

I.

CLOSE at the edge of a busy town,
A huge quadrangular mansion stands ;
Its rooms are all filled with the parish poor ;
Its walls are all built by pauper hands ;
And the pauper old and the pauper young
Peer out, through the grates, in sullen bands.

II.

Behind, is a patch of earth, by thorns
Fenced in from the moor's wide marshy plains ;
By the side, is a gloomy lane, that steals
To a quarry now filled with years of rains :
But within, within ! There Poverty scowls,
Nursing in wrath her brood of pains.

III.

Enter and look ! In the high-walled yards
Fierce men are pacing the barren ground :
Enter the long bare chambers ;—girls
And women are sewing, without a sound ;
Sewing from dawn till the dismal eve,
And not a laugh or a song goes round.

IV.

No communion—no kind thought
Dwells in the pauper's breast of care ;
Nothing but pain in the grievous past ;
Nothing to come but the black despair—
Of bread in prison, bereft of friends,
Or hunger, out in the open air !

V.

Where is the bright-haired girl, that once
With her peasant sire was used to play ?
Where is the boy whom his mother blest,
Whose eyes were a light on her weary way ?
Apart—barred out (so the law ordains,)
Barred out from each other by night and day.

VI.

Letters they teach in their infant schools ;
But where are the lessons of great God taught ?
Lessons that child to the parent bind—
Habits of duty—love unbought ?
Alas ! small good will be learned in schools
Where Nature is trampled and turned to nought.

VII.

Seventeen summers, and where the girl
Who never grew up at her father's knee ?
Twenty autumnal storms have nursed
The pauper's boyhood, and where is he ?
She earneth her bread in the midnight lanes :
He toilth in chains by the Southern Sea.

VIII.

O Power! O Prudence! Law! look down
From your heights on the pining poor below!
O sever not hearts which God hath joined
Together, on earth, for weal and woe.
O Senators grave, grave truths may be,
Which ye have not learned, or deigned to know

IX.

O Wealth, come forth with an open hand!
O Charity, speak with a softer sound!
Yield pity to Age—to tender Youth—
To Love, wherever its home be found!
But I cease,—for I hear, in the night to come,
The cannon's blast, and the rebel drum,
Shaking the firm-set English ground!

BARRY CORNWALL.

Egeria.FROM "CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE."

EGERIA! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art,
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,

The nympholepsy of some fond despair ;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring ; whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops ; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek eyed genius of the place ;
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
Art's works ; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy creep,

Fantastically tangled ; the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer birds sing welcome as ye pass ;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass ;
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems coloured by its skies.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egeria ! thy all heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover ;
The purple midnight veiled that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy, and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befel ?

This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamoured goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle!

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,
Blend a celestial with a human heart;
And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,
Share with immortal transports? could thine art
Make them indeed immortal, and impart
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—
The dull satiety which all destroys—
And root from out the soul the deadly weed which cloy?

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert; whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,
Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,
And trees whose gums are poison; such the plants
Which spring beneath her steps as Passion flies
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

BYRON.

Wisdom Unapplied.

I.

IF I were thou, O Butterfly,
And poised my purple wings, to spy
The sweetest flowers that live and die,—

II.

I would not waste my strength on those,
As thou,—for summer hath a close,
And pansies bloom not in the snows.

III.

If I were thou, O working bee,
And all that honey-gold I see
Could delve from roses easily ;

IV.

I would not hive it at man's door,
As thou, that heirdom of my store
Should make him rich, and leave me poor.

V.

If I were thou, O eagle proud,
And screamed the thunder back aloud,
And faced the lightning from the cloud ;

VI.

I would not build my eyrie-throne,
As thou, upon a crumbling stone,
Which the next storm may trample down.

VII.

If I were thou, O gallant steed,
With pawing hoof, and dancing head,
And eye outrunning thine own speed ;

VIII.

I would not meeken to the rein,
As thou,—nor smooth my nostril plain,
From the glad desert's snort and strain.

IX.

If I were thou, red-breasted bird,
Whose song 's at shut-up window heard,
Like Love's sweet Yes too long deferred;

X.

I would not overstay delight,
As thou, but take a swallow flight,
Till the new spring returned to sight.

XI.

While yet I spake, a touch was laid
Upon my brow, whose pride did fade,
As thus, methought, an angel said;

XII.

"If I were *thou*, who singst this song,
Most wise for others; and most strong
In seeing right, while doing wrong;

XIII.

"I would not waste my cares, and choose,
As *thou*,—to seek what thou must lose,
Such gains as perish in the use.

XIV.

"I would not work where none can win,
As *thou*,—half way 'twixt grief and sin,
But look above, and judge within.

XV.

"I would not let my pulse beat high,
As *thou*,—toward fame's regality,
Nor yet in love's great jeopardy.

XVI.

"I would not champ the hard cold bit,
As *thou*,—of what the world thinks fit,—
But take God's freedom, using it.

XVII.

"I would not play earth's winter out,
As *thou*; but gird my soul about,
And live for life past death and doubt.

XVIII.

"Then sing, O Singer!—but allow
Beast, fly, and bird, called foolish now,
Are wise (for all thy scorn) as *thou*!"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Ode.

ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE.

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She wooes the tardy spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;

And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance,
The birds his presence greet:
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul! on wings of fire,
Rise the rapturous choir among;
Hark! 't is nature strikes the lyre,
And leads the general song.

* * * *

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday nor morrow know;
'T is man alone that joy describes,
With forward, and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow
Soft reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;

While hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue ;
Behind the steps that misery treads,
Approaching comfort view :
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe ;
And blended, form with artful strife
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again :
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

Humble quiet builds her cell,
Near the source whence pleasure flows ;
She eyes the clear crystalline well,
And tastes it as it goes.

GRAY.—(Left unfinished.)

Hope Deferred.

I.

'T is long since we were forced to part, at least it seems so to my
grief,
For sorrow wearies us like time, but ah ! it brings not time's relief ;
As in our days of tenderness, before me still she seems to glide ;
And though my arms are wide as then, yet she will not abide.
The day-light and the star-light shine, as if her eyes were in their
light,
And whispering in the panting breeze, her love-songs come at
lonely night ;
While, far away with those less dear, she tries to hide her grief in
vain,
For, kind to all while true to me, it pains her to give pain.

II.

I know she never spoke her love, she never breathed a single vow,
And yet I 'm sure she loved me then, and still doats on me now ;
For, when we met, her eyes grew glad, and heavy when I left her
side,
And oft she said she 'd be most happy as a poor man's bride,
I toiled to win a pleasant home, and make it ready by the spring ;
The spring is past—what season now my girl unto our home will
bring ?
I 'm sick and weary, very weary—watching, morning, night, and
noon ;
How long you 're coming—I am dying—will you not come soon ?

THOMAS DAVIS.

Sonnet cxvi.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds ;
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

SHAKSPEARE.

Rural Sounds.

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind :
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night : nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,

The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl,
'That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves, and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

COWPER.—[From "The Task."]

Here's a Health to Ane I lo'e dear.

HERE 's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here 's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy !

Although thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied ;
'T is sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy !

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms ;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am locked in thy arms—Jessy !

I guess by the dear angel-smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e :
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst Fortune's fell, cruel decree—Jessy !

BURNS.

Scenes of Youth re-visited.

Dolce sentier,
 Colle, che mi piacesti, . . .
 Ov' ancor per usanza Amor mi mena;
 Ben riconosco in voi l' usate forme,
 Non, lasso, in me.

PETRARCA.

TWILIGHT's soft dew's steal o'er the village green,
 With magic tints to harmonise the scene.
 Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
 When round the ruins of their ancient oak
 The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
 And games and carols closed the busy day.
 Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
 With treasured tales and legendary lore.
 All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
 To chase the dream of innocent repose.
 All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
 What secret charms this silent spot endear?

Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
 Whose hollow turret wooes the whistling breeze.
 That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
 First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed,
 The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
 Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;

When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

See, through the fractured pediment revealed,
Where moss inlays the rudely sculptured shield,
The martin's old, hereditary nest,
Long may the ruin spare its hallowed guest!

As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall!
That hall, where once, in antiquated state,
The chair of justice held the grave debate,

Now stained with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
When round yon ample board, in due degree,
We sweetened every meal with social glee.
The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest;
And all was sunshine in each little breast.
'T was here we chased the slipper by the sound;
And turned the blindfold hero round and round.
'T was here, at eve, we formed our fairy ring,
And fancy fluttered on her wildest wing.
Giants and genii chained each wondering ear;
And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.
Oft with the babes we wandered in the wood,
Or viewed the forest-feats of Robin Hood:
Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
With startling step we scaled the lonely tower;
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
Murdered by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.

Ye Household Deities! whose guardian eye
Marked each pure thought, ere registered on high;

Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,
And breathe the soul of Inspiration round.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievement charms the wildered sight,
And still, with Heraldry's rich hues imprest,
On the dim window glows the pictured crest.
The screen unfolds its many-coloured chart.
The clock still points its moral to the heart.
That faithful monitor 't was heaven to hear,
When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near;
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feathered feet of time?
That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
Whence the caged linnet soothed my pensive thought;
Those muskets, cased with venerable rust;
Those once-loved forms, still breathing through their dust,
Still, from the frame in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the past!

As through the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every grove!
How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,
We watched the emmet to her grainy nest;
Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary wing,
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the Spring!
How oft inscribed, with Friendship's votive rhyme,
The bark now silvered by the touch of Time;
Soared in the swing, half pleased and half afraid,
Through sister elms that waved their summer shade;

Or strewed with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat !

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene ;
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green !
Indulgent MEMORY wakes, and lo, they live !
Clothed with far softer hues than Light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know ;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm ;
Thee would the Muse invoke !—to thee belong
The sage's precept and the poet's song.
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals !
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play ;
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind

The School's lone porch, with reverend mosses grey,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn ;
Unheard the shout that rent the noon-tide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here ;
And not the slightest leaf, but trembling teems .
With golden visions, and romantic dreams !

ROGERS.—[From "The Pleasures of Memory."]

The Day of Rest.

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with faded flowers
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze;
Sounds the most faint attract the ear;—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill,
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale,
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dove-like wings, peace o'er yon village broods;
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.

Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large ;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

But, chiefly man the day of rest enjoys ;
Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day ;
On other days the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely ; the ground
Both seat and board ; screened from the winter's cold,
And summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge or tree ;
But on this day embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves ;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face, and upward earnest eye.

Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day ;
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke ;
While wandering slowly up the river side,
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers, that bloom
Around its root : and while he thus surveys,
With elevated joy, each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope
That Heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

GRAHAME.—[From "The Sabbath."]

A Dungeon.

MAN'S TREATMENT OF THE VICIOUS COMPARED WITH NATURE'S.

And this place my forefathers made for man !
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty ?
Is this the only cure ? Merciful God !
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot.
Then we call in our pampered mountebanks ;
And this is their best cure ! Uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning, and tears,
And savage faces, at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight ! So he lies,
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of evermore deformity !
With other ministrations thou, O Nature !
Healest thy wandering and distempered child :

Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters!
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy,
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonised
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

COLERIDGE.

After a Tempest.

The day had been a day of wind and storm;—
The wind was laid, the storm was overpast,—
And stooping from the zenith, bright and warm
Shone the great sun on the wide earth at last.
I stood upon the upland slope, and cast
My eye upon a broad and beauteous scene,
Where the vast plain lay girt by mountains vast,
And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
With pleasant vales scooped out, and villages between.

The rain-drops glistened on the trees around,
Whose shadows on the tall grass were not stirred,
Save when a shower of diamonds, to the ground,
Was shaken by the flight of startled bird,
For birds were warbling round, and bees were heard

About the flowers ; the cheerful rivulet sung
And gossiped as he hastened ocean-ward ;
To the gray oak the squirrel, chiding, clung,
And chirping, from the ground the grasshopper upsprung.

And from beneath the leaves that kept them dry
Flew many a glittering insect here and there,
And darted up and down the butterfly,
That seemed a living blossom of the air.
The flocks came scattering from the thicket, where
The violent rain had pent them ; in the way
Strolled groups of damsels frolicsome and fair.
The farmer swung the scythe or turned the hay,
And, twixt the heavy swaths his children were at play.

It was a scene of peace—and, like a spell,
Did that serene and golden sunlight fall
Upon the motionless wood that clothed the fell,
And precipice upspringing like a wall,
And glassy river and white waterfall,
And happy living things that trod the bright
And beauteous scene ; while far beyond them all,
On many a lovely valley out of sight,
Was poured from the blue heavens the same soft golden light.

I looked, and thought the quiet of the scene
An emblem of the peace that yet shall be,
When o'er earth's continents and isles between,
The noise of war shall cease from sea to sea,
And married nations dwell in harmony ;
When millions, crouching in the dust to one,
No more shall beg their lives on bended knee,
Nor the black stake be dressed, nor in the sun
The o'er-laboured captive toil, and wish his life were done.

Too long, at clash of arms amid her bowers
And pools of blood, the earth has stood aghast,
The fair earth, that should only blush with flowers
And ruddy fruits ; but not for aye can last
The storm, and sweet the sunshine when 't is past.
Lo, the clouds roll away—they break, they fly,
And like the glorious light of summer, cast
O'er the wide landscape, from the embracing sky,
On all the peaceful world the smile of heaven shall lie.

BRYANT.

On a Picture of a Girl,

LEADING HER BLIND MOTHER THROUGH A WOOD.

The green leaves as we pass
Lay their light fingers on thee unaware,
And by thy side the hazels cluster fair,
And the low forest grass
Grows green and silken where the wood-paths wind—
Alas! for thee, sweet mother! thou art blind!

And nature is all bright;
And the faint gray and crimson of the dawn,
Like folded curtains from the day are drawn;
And evening's purple light
Quivers in tremulous softness on the sky—
Alas! sweet mother! for thy clouded eye!

The moon's new silver shell
Trembles above thee, and the stars float up,
In the blue air, and the rich tulip's cup
Is pencilled passing well,
And the swift birds on glorious pinions flee—
Alas! sweet mother! that thou canst not see!

And the kind looks of friends
Peruse the sad expression in thy face,
And the child stops amid his bounding race,
And the tall stripling bends
Low to thine ear with duty unforgot—
Alas! sweet mother! that thou seest them not!

But thou canst *hear!* and love
May richly in a human tone be poured,
And the least cadence of a whispered word
A daughter's love may prove—
And while I speak thou knowest if I smile,
Albeit thou canst not see my face the while.

Yes, thou canst hear! and He
Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung,
To the attentive ear, like harps, hath strung
Heaven and earth and sea!
And 't is a lesson in our hearts to know—
With but one sense the soul may overflow.

Hart-Leap Well.

Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond, in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second part of the following poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.

THE Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor
With the slow motion of a summer's cloud,
And now, as he approached a vassal's door,
"Bring forth another horse!" he cried aloud.

"Another horse!"—That shout the vassal heard
And saddled his best steed, a comely grey;
Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes;
The horse and horseman are a happy pair;
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's hall,
That as they galloped made the echoes roar;
But horse and man are vanished, one and all;
Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain:
Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,
Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The Knight hallooed, he cheered and chid them on
With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern ;
But breath and eyesight fail ; and, one by one,
The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race ?
The bugles that so joyfully were blown ?
—This chase it looks not like an earthly chase ;
Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain-side ;
I will not stop to say how far he fled,
Nor will I mention by what death he died ;
But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting, then, he leans against a thorn ;
He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy :
He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn,
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned,
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat ;
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned,
And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched :
His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched
The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,
(Never had living man such joyful lot !)
Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,
And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up the hill—(it was at least
Four roods of sheer ascent)—Sir Walter found
Three several hoof-marks which the hunted Beas.
Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, “ Till now
Such sight was never seen by human eyes:
Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow
Down to the very fountain where he lies.

I ’ll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,
And a small arbour made for rural joy ;
’T will be the traveller’s shed, the pilgrim’s cot,
A place of love for damsels that are coy.

A cunning artist will I have to frame
A basin for that fountain in the dell !
And they who do make mention of the same,
From this day forth, shall call it HART-LEAP WELL.

And gallant Stag ! to make thy praises known,
Another monument shall here be raised ;
Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone,
And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

And, in the summer-time when days are long,
I will come hither with my paramour ;
And with the dancers and the minstrel’s song
We will make merry in that pleasant bower.

Till the foundations of the mountains fail
My mansion with its arbour shall endure ;—
The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,
And them who dwell among the woods of Ure !”

Then home he went, and left the Hart, stone dead
With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring.
—Soon did the Knight perform what he had said ;
And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.

Ere thrice the Moon into her port had steered,
A cup of stone received the living well ;
Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,
And built a house of pleasure in the dell.

And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall
With trailing plants and trees were intertwined,
Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer days were long,
Sir Walter led his wondering paramour ;
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
Made merriment within that pleasant bowr

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time,
And his bones lie in his paternal vale.—
But there is matter for a second rhyme,
And I to this would add another tale.

PART SECOND.

THE moving accident is not my trade ;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts :
'T is my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,
It chanced that I saw, standing in a dell,
Three aspens, at three corners of a square ;
And one, not four yards distant, near a well.

What this imported I could ill divine :
And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,
I saw three pillars standing in a line,
The last stone-pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were grey, with neither arms nor head ;
Half wasted the square mound of tawny green ;
So that you just might say, as then I said,
“ Here, in old time, the hand of man hath been.”

I looked upon the hill, both far and near,
More doleful place did never eye survey ;
It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,
And Nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,
When one, who was in shepherd's garb attired,
Came up the hollow :—him did I accost,
And what this place might be I then inquired.

The shepherd stopped, and that same story told
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.
“ A jolly place,” said he, “ in times of old !
But something ails it now : the spot is curst.

You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood—
Some say that they are beeches, others elms—
These were the bower ; and here a mansion stood,
The finest palace of a hundred realms !

The arbour does its own condition tell ;
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream ;
But as to the great Lodge ! you might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

There 's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone ;
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

Some say that here a murder has been done,
And blood cries out for blood ; but for my part,
I 've guessed, when I 've been sitting in the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

What thoughts must through the creature's brain have
passed !
Even from the topmost stone, upon the steep,
Are but three bounds—and look, sir, at this last—
O master ! it has been a cruel leap.

For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race ;
And in my simple mind we cannot tell
What cause the Hart might have to love this place,
And come and make his death-bed near the well.

Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,
Lulled by the fountain in the summer-tide ;
This water was perhaps the first he drank
When he had wandered from his mother's side.

In April here beneath the flowering thorn
He heard the birds their morning carols sing ;
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade ;
The sun on drearier hollow never shone ;
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone."

" Grey-headed shepherd, thou hast spoken well ;
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine :
This beast not unobserved by Nature fell ;
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

The Being, that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

The pleasure-house is dust :—behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom ;
But Nature, in due course of time, once more
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be known ;
But at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals ;
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

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